MEMOIR

OF

JONATHAN LEAVITT,

MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

IN

YALE COLLEGE,

Who died at New-Haven, on the 10th of May, 1[illegible]
eighteen years and [illegible] month.

BY [illegible]

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED BY S. CONVERSE.
1822.

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T.H. Wentworth Del. S.S. Jocelyn Sc.

JONA. LEAVITT

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OF

JONATHAN LEAVITT,

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MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

IN

YALE COLLEGE,

WHO DIED AT NEW-HAVEN THE 10TH OF MAY, 1821,
AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS AND ONE MONTH.

BY A SISTER.

"Oft Genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
"Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
"And smiles, and soars, and steals away."

Collyer.

At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.—Matt. xi. 25th and 26th.

NEW-HAVEN:
PRINTED BY S. CONVERSE,
1822.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirty-first day of January, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SUMNER LINCOLN of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the words following—to wit: "Memoir of Jonathan Leavitt, a member of the Junior Class in Yale College, who died at New-Haven, the 10th day of May, 1821, aged eighteen years and one month. By a Sister.

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"Impatient of a robe of clay;
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CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me.

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

LINES,

Written by J. Leavitt in 1820.

1.

O Lady, do not twine for me
  The wreath that to success is due;
But rather let the chaplet be
  Of cypress—or of yew.

2.

For on my form has malice cast
  Her with'ring and malignant frown;
And o'er the present and the past
  A cloud of sadness thrown.

3.

Faded, and withering, and dead,
  Should be the wreath for me that's twin'd,
Resembling hopes forever fled,
  And joys forever left behind.

4.

But if affection's hand prepare
  The wreath that decks my pallid brow,
Its wither'd flowers will seem more fair
  Than all that glory can bestow.

The parents of Jonathan Leavitt, and two of his sisters were with him when he died. Two of his sisters and a brother-in-law were at his father's house in Greenfield. To inform them of his death, Professor F. wrote to the brother-in-law as follows.

New-Haven, May 10th, 1821.

Dear Sir,

Your thoughts, doubtless, are often directed towards this place with much solicitude respecting your brother. You have probably already heard of the nature of his disorder, and with what violence it raged in his system. This morning at 4 o'clock, it was manifest that the Savior was leading him down the dark valley. The delirium and pain of the night had been excessive till now, when he sunk into the quietness of a lethargy that told us his spirit was about to leave a frame worn down by disease. He was in this state when the Rev. Mr. Taylor and myself called this morning; and after a short prayer by Mr. T. he continued in this tranquil frame for ten minutes, when, (at ten minutes past 6 o'clock, as well as we could ascertain,) we trust, he fell asleep in Jesus. With an apostle let me say; "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even

so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." You will behold your brother's face no more in this state, which has on it the stamp of "corruptible," but it will, we believe, rekindle into life by a Savior's voice at the resurrection, and beam with the glory of immortality.

Amiable in his disposition, engaging in his manners, distinguished in his studies, he won the love of his preceptors and companions. Affected by the truths of the everlasting gospel, distrustful of himself, humble before God, and relying on the Savior, he glowed with a desire of honoring Christ on earth and being an instrument of advancing his kingdom. We hoped he would be spared to his friends and to the church on earth; but we are called to submit to the unsearchable wisdom of God in removing him thus early out of life. I could speak of the interest I took in conversation with him previous to his profession of Christianity and admission to our communion, and the hopes I individually formed, as his pastor, respecting his future usefulness, but it might only aggravate the wound inflicted by providence in your hearts.

From the Rev. Mr. O——.

New-Haven, May 12th, 1821.

My respected Friends,

You have doubtless heard before this of the death of your beloved brother—beloved indeed not only by you, but by all good men that knew him. It is truly a grievous affliction ; and your friends here all deeply sympathize with you. That religion, however, which you have professed, and the power of which I trust you have felt, will bear you up over even these boisterous waves.

Looking at this event, merely with our narrow views, we should have had it otherwise ; but God only can see the various connections of things, and he only knows what you need to fit you for his presence above. When we come to stand on the other side of the grave, and look back to this vale of tears, we shall see with what a tender and careful hand our heavenly Father led us along and conducted us to his bosom ; and these afflictions, which now appear so great to us, will then be seen, in the light of eternity, to have been but for a moment, and to have wrought out for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

In addition to the delightful consideration that your heavenly Father reigns, and will put no more burdens upon you than are needful, God has mingled many sweet ingredients in this bitter

draught. Although it pleased him to deprive Jonathan of his reason; yet now and then a lucid interval was afforded him, which showed us that the living God was his refuge, and underneath him were the everlasting arms—and that Jehovah was preparing through these dark clouds, that eternal light of his countenance which is better than life. Jonathan was resigned on christian principles to the will of God. His resignation did not appear to be that stupidity which we sometimes find in the impenitent at the approach of death, and which enables them to say they are willing to die; but he seemed to have given his soul into the hands of the faithful God, and to have placed that implicit confidence in his wisdom and rectitude which the bible denominates faith. On looking at his papers our hopes were greatly confirmed. A solemn personal surrender of himself into the hands of his Savior, and a consecration of all his faculties to his service was found, which you will see when your friends arrive. My heart bleeds for them while I write. My dear friends, permit me to say, though I weep, I must rejoice too. I rejoice in the mercy of God towards Jonathan, in preparing him to sit down with his pious ancestors in the congregation of the just, and in the supports of divine grace which have been afforded your surviving friends. Truly here are proofs that religion only can support us either in the hour of death, or in the hour of affliction. We are pilgrims and sojourners here as all our fathers were, and every prop but one is slipping from beneath our feet.

That prop is religion. In God we can trust every thing, not only now, but when the heavens and earth shall fade away. May he support you as he does the others—and may he prepare us all to see Jonathan again in that region where sorrow and sighing shall have forever fled away.

From his Roommate.

May 16th, 1821.

Miss Leavitt,

You will pardon me, while, sympathizing in your late affliction, I present you a few lines. The painful intelligence of the recent death of one, bound to you by the ties of nature, and to us both by the strongest ties of affection, has reached me. This intelligence fills my heart with grief and my soul with agony. Is it possible that the companion of my happiest moments, the partner of my joys and sorrows, my sincere and most amiable friend, has left me, and bid adieu, forever, to the scenes of earth! shall I never again behold that lovely beaming countenance, which filled me with so much delight!—No more listen to the sweet accents of his voice!—No more feel my heart beating high with pleasure, created by his presence! Alas! no more, on this side eternity, can I behold his elegant form and beautiful countenance. The dismal grave encloses them.

His tongue no more can speak the virtuous, affectionate and benevolent feelings of his heart; it is sealed in perpetual silence: his ear is insensible to sound, and his eyes are closed in death. In vain do I look for him in the late abode of peace and comfort, where he once resided. In vain I seek him in the friendly, social circle. Alas! I listen, but hear none of his footsteps approach—I stretch my powers of vision, but cannot catch a glimpse of him. On earth my enquiries are in vain. Where shall I search for him then? Must I despair of ever beholding him again? Must I endeavour to console my wounded spirit, by reflecting on the many sweet, happy hours that I have passed with him, which were rendered sweet and happy solely by his presence? Oh, no.—I hear a voice saying unto me, "I, am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." To one of those blissful mansions which Jesus has prepared for those who love him, shall I look for my beloved friend. There shall I hope ere long to meet him: never more to be separated from his presence. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit, they rest from their laborus and their works do follow them." How consoling must the language of scripture be to your afflicted hearts, in this hour of trouble. This assures you that the Lord does not afflict his children willingly, but for their good: That whom he loveth he chasteneth—That all things shall work together for the good of those who love him. Though we feel the most poign-

ant sorrow for our beloved friend's departure, still let us endeavour calmly to submit to the dispensations of providence. Let us not mourn as those who mourn without hope ; but let us trust to the infinite mercy of God. Our friend has, no doubt, died the death of the righteous, his last end, therefore, we have reason to expect will be like theirs. May this affliction wean our inordinate attachments from the world.

"We are fastened to this world by strong and endless ties,
But every sorrow cuts a string, and urges us to rise."

I feel as if many strings of affection which bound me to earth, were sundered by the removal of our friend. Oh, that we might, by rightly improving this affliction, be prepared to follow our deceased friend to the mansions of eternal rest. Were it necessary, I might, in describing the virtues and amiable traits which existed in our friend's character, write over many sheets, but they are all perfectly known to you, and will never be effaced from my memory.

From his Classmate, who tended him through his sickness.

New-Haven, May 28th, 1821.

Miss Leavitt,

Since your departure from this place I have often visited your brother's tomb. He sleeps sweetly in the grave where we laid him, unconscious of the tear that drops over his pillow, or of the wound that still bleeds in the bosom of his friend. But what would I do? Would I awake him? No—sleep on thou blest immortal—let nothing disturb thy slumbers. Let not the noise of the confused world around thee break the soft silence that is spread over thy narrow dwelling, or the sigh that heaves in the bosom of affection, fall on thy ear to interrupt thy tranquil repose. Sleep sweetly in death, till the morning of the resurrection shall dawn on thy tomb and the sound of the last trumpet shall animate thy dust. Who would wish thee to linger longer on the shores of mortality? Who would bring thee from thy bright mansion on high, again to inhabit a temple of clay? No, though it were possible to recall him to life, yet for worlds I would not bring him back. He has seen enough of life, he has tasted its sweets; but its bitterness he has never tasted. He has mingled in its most interesting scenes, and has gone to his rest in the morning of his life, before the night of affliction could

overtake him. The sorrow that we felt when we beheld him descending step by step to join the congregation of the dead—the anguish that wrung the very fibres of our souls when we beheld him contending with the last enemy, and finally yielding himself up into his iron grasp, never pained his bosom. He knows not what it is to see the last ray of hope for a beloved friend declining, and passing away like the farewel beams of the setting sun, or to listen to the last accents of a voice that has often charmed us, dying away on the ear, like the distant carol of a bird flown by. Whatever eternity may disclose to him, feelings like these it can never disclose. They find no place except in this dying world, where sickness, and sorrow, and death, make up the life of man. Few flowers have bloomed so beautifully in this vale of tears, and have been transplanted to the paradise above before one rude blast of affliction had dimmed the beauty of their foliage, or the sweetness of their fragrance had been in some degree dissipated and lost by some unfortunate occurrence. Like your brother, few have attained the age of eighteen years, without one single act to tarnish the lustre of his reputation, without one single deviation from the path of morality and virtue to sting like a barbed arrow, a mother's or a sister's heart. How amiable his disposition! how lovely, how conciliating his whole deportment! But his crowning excellence, was that spirit of piety which breathed from his immortal soul, and which shed a lustre over all his other virtues, and holds him up to all who knew him, a

pattern for imitation. All these things console us in his death; yet we cannot help reflecting how much more was his life to be valued on account of them. You may wonder that I should indulge in these melancholy reflections. But mine is not a momentary grief that time shall soon efface; 'tis as deeply rooted as the friendship which gave it birth. Your brother will still be the companion of my solitary hours—he will sit with me under those trees where we often sat; he will walk with me in those fields where we have often wandered, as long as memory retains a seat in my breast. When the laws of nature shall be reversed, when the rivers shall wind their courses up the mountains, or the seasons of the year forget to return in their time, then perhaps I may forget to visit his tomb, and thus bring to mind all the interesting scenes of our past acquaintance. But while the heart of man is susceptible of the soft impressions of love and friendship, while it is the dictate of the best feelings of human nature to mourn over departed worth; his image shall never fade from my memory. There it shall ever flourish, fresh as when it first blossomed on my sight. I am sensible that these things are better fitted to private reflection than to the subject of a letter, but it is a theme on which I delight to dwell: they are the spontaneous effusions of feelings which perhaps ought to be suppressed in my own breast: but alas! they will find utterance. The heart that is filled with sorrow will overflow and pour the sad tale of its woes into the bosom of those who can sympathise.

Such are the sisters of my departed friend. You can sympathise, you are no strangers to my feelings. Oh, may our tears mingle together over the grave of such a friend! But how far would my feelings carry me—I have trespassed long on your patience; remember the dying disposition of your brother and forgive. The scenes that passed while you were here have cast a deep shade of gloom on all things around, once so beautiful and gay. The shades and the flowers of N. Haven which once so much delighted me, are now all clothed in mourning. The trees bend their branches to the ground—sympathetic nature seems to weep over the grave of one so much beloved in life and lamented in death. Give my love to your father and mother and all your sisters; tell them I loved their brother perhaps as much as they did. But there was one who loved him more than any of us, and has taken him to his dwellings in the heavens, forever to rejoice in the smiles of his love. Methinks I can see him standing on the battlements of heaven, casting a pitying glance upon us as we grope our way through this miserable world, and beckoning us to come and join with him in that everlasting song which re-echos through those blissful regions. Oh, blessed invitation, when shall we arrive there? Adieu.

From a friend to his father.

May 30th, 1821.

My Dear Friend,

It is seldom that I have been more affected than on receiving intelligence, by the newspapers, of the severe affliction with which God, in his holy providence, has seen fit to visit you and your family. For a few years, and I may say months past, I have been called to mourn the loss of several of my nearest and dearest friends out of my immediate household. A mother, two sisters, and four brothers-in-law, a sister-in-law, and two nieces, by their departure, have made a very wide breach upon my worldly comforts ; and I seem more and more to be standing alone in the world. As this is not our home, the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly parent, in thus removing our earthly comforts, that we may be weaned from them, and direct our views and affections more towards our heavenly rest, are very apparent. An only son must always be an object of peculiar affection and solicitude to parents advanced in life—when he is dutiful and affectionate, the attachment is much enhanced—and when there is good ground for believing that he has been born again and is a child of God, with Christian parents, he becomes an object of singular delight, and their affections dwell upon him with a pleasure the world knows nothing of, and which no

words can express. The loss of such an one, in either case is great—but when one of the last character is removed, the consideration that he is taken from a world of sin, sorrow and disappointment, and I should add, of temptation and danger, to a state of peace and rest, ought and will, when viewed in the light of the gospel, mitigate the distress of separation, and take away that which gives death its sharpest sting to believing survivors. You have this ground of consolation, and therefore are not called to mourn as those who have no hope. How sweet are the reflections this affords, and what gratitude is due to God, for mixing such precious drops of mercy in this cup of affliction.

The riches of God's goodness and mercy, in giving his holy word, never appear more precious than in the day of adversity. In that we are assured, and we know, that every event is under the absolute direction of infinite wisdom, goodness and love. He does all things well—though clouds and darkness are round about him, and he moves in a way mysterious to us, yet we may and are required to rest confidently on the assurance, that though he cause grief, yet he will have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies,—for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.—He chastens his children only for their profit, that they may be made partakers of his holiness. He offers himself in all his infinite fulness, to make up any loss he hath caused. Submission to his will and acquiescence in his dispensations, becomes a privilege as well

as a duty—and such, I have no doubt, you have found it. I have very often thought of you all, and remembered you in my prayers. When I recollect the tenderness with which your son was always treated, and the affectionate manner in which he was always spoken of in the family, and especially the last time I was at your house, I know your grief must be great indeed. I feel for you, I sympathize with with you all ; but you have the great Shepherd of Israel always near you, who is full of kindness and full of care for those who trust in him.—He says to you, Call on me, and I will hear—the arms of his mercy are round about you. He knows all your wants and all your troubles. He is the resurrection and the life—He hears even the desires of the humble—He will prepare their hearts to call on him, and will cause his ear to hear. To the word of his grace I commend you, beseeching him to grant you his Spirit, the Comforter, that you may have free access to the throne of grace, where alone you can derive that consolation you need.

Remember me with kindness to Mrs. Leavitt and the family.

Your affectionate friend.

From a Classmate to an intimate friend of Leavitt.

New-Haven, June 2nd, 1821.

Dear ———,

I arrived at New-Haven in safety on Wednesday last. It is impossible to conceive of a greater change than has taken place in the appearance of this city since I left it. Nature has dressed it in her summer garb, and given it an aspect very different from that which my imagination had anticipated. But Oh! it was not these additions to her foliage and the decorations of her scenery that had made the greatest alteration. The fairest flower in nature's garden had withered, or rather had been transplanted to a soil more congenial to its growth. Oh! my friend, it is indeed true that our Leavitt has gone. I could not believe, till I arrived here, that I was no more to grasp that hand which was wont to greet me with the joyful welcome of a friend. I sought for that form among my classmates which formerly excited none but pleasurable sensations in my breast. A melancholy prospect opened itself to my observation. A dark cloud seemed to rest on every brow, and shed a gloom on the usual pleasures of meeting with my fellow students. Oppressed with the dismal appearance of things, I turned instinctively to the room of Leavitt. Reflection came in a moment and brought with it an indiscribable pang. I

would go to his room, however, and see if I had not been dreaming. The sound of my feet upon the staircase echoed through the vacant apartments and rung in my ears like the knell of death A strange voice answered to my knocking. The new arrangements about the room told a tale of woe that could not be misunderstood. I had so often come to this place for relief, when depressed with care and anxiety, that I could not, at this melancholy period, be denied the privilege of his society. I went to the solemn place where reason told me he must be, and, as I bent over his new-made grave, the magic influence of his company did ease my aching heart. The floods of grief that had for weeks been rolling back upon my soul, bust forth in torrents upon the consecrated dust beneath. Oh! the agonizing pleasure of that moment. No earthly cares intruded upon the sacred place; and as I pictured his form upon the rising mound, and compared what he now was with what he had been, the anguish of my feelings was indescribable. I was soon relieved, and reflecting that the better part of my friend was not confined within the narrow grave; that the soul which made his mortal part so lovely, was removed far beyond the reach of human eyes, and was chaunting praises to his God and his Redeemer, with the spirits around the throne, I could not but exclaim, Leavitt, farewel.—The remembrance of thy virtues and thy friendship, shall accompany me through this wilderness of earth, and enliven its desolation, and Oh, that thy example might enable me to trace thy steps and

join thee in thy heaven of eternal rest. Once more, farewel.

"Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
"For thee the tear be duly shed;
"Belov'd till life can charm no more,
"And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

From the Franklin Herald, published at Greenfield, Massachusetts. May 22d, 1821.

OBITUARY.

"Grief fills the room of my absent friend;
"——— walks up and down with me;
"Puts on his very looks, repeats his words,
"Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
"Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

Died at New-Haven, on the 10th inst. Jonathan Leavitt, Jr. aged 18, only son of the Hon. Jonathan Leavitt, of this town, and member of the Junior Class in Yale College.—The eulogy of this youth is written on the hearts of all who knew him.—His amiable manners, his blameless life and excellent affections, most tenderly endeared him to friends; but the fair promise that his talents and attainments gave of usefulness in life, will make his death esteemed, in some sort, a public loss.

He fell, like a flower in its fairest opening bloom, when the hopes of all were highest raised concerning him—for his mind was imbued with

an elevated and rational piety; and for some months past, the world and its trifles, and pleasures, and charms, had lost their hold on his affections; and he had solemnly resolved to consecrate his powers to the service of that Redeemer, whose cause he had espoused;—whose name he had lately professed.

"All our ambitions, death defeats, but one;
"And that it crowns."

MEMOIR, &c.

THIS memoir, viewed with the eye of affection, is thought to embrace matter not unimportant, when considered as the production of a youthful mind, highly cultivated, and a heart that glowed with generous feelings and virtuous principles.

It is presented to the public, not with the expectation that the letters, composition, and description of character it contains, will prove equally interesting to every class of society, but that to some it will be instructive and useful, and claim, at least, the indulgence of the enlightened and benevolent part of the community. To the family of J.Leavitt, his memory is precious. To them his writings are, indeed, valuable ; for in them they think they can see something of the image of an only and dearly beloved son and brother ; and something of the progress he made in knowledge and virtue while passing over the short space between his cradle and his grave.

Jonathan was born at Greenfield in Massachusetts, the 9th of April, 1803. He was the son of Jonathan and Emelia Leavitt of that place. His father was the oldest son of the Rev. Jonathan Leavitt, of Heath, and his mother was the third daughter of Ezra Stiles, late President of Yale

College. Their first son having died in infancy, when only nine months old, this one became an object of extreme tenderness and affection. He was a fine healthy boy until he was a year old; when he was severely affected by a disorder, which was distressing in its nature, and which threatened to destroy his life. He was nurtured with great care and anxiety, for the space of four or five years, when the bright playfulness of his spirit seemed to triumph over the debility of his system, and proved a better antidote for the painful sufferings which, at times, oppressed him, than any other aid. The effect of the indulgence granted him at that period of his life, in some measure, appeared to abide with him. His friends fearing to contradict him in his paroxysms of distress, (as he was in danger of having fits,) he soon thought that his own inclination must be gratified. However, he was easily managed by his parents. The rod of correction, as he grew older and better in heatlh, was not spared when needed; and the voice of affection was never addressed to him in vain.

He was a very tender hearted child. Frequently, when hurt by his little play-fellows, he would withdraw from them and weep, but was never known to retaliate an injury.

He was sent to a dancing school, with the hope that this kind of gentle exercise would be conducive to health. And it proved to be very beneficial to him. Having three sisters older than himself—beside them he was led along the maze of youthful gaiety. Formed by nature to relish,

and placed in circumstances to cultivate the amusements and pleasures of the world; he cherished and possessed a fondness for them. Thus his manners were formed at an early age. He was easy, graceful, and courteous in his behavior and deportment. He early discovered a high relish for reading and information; and displayed many traits of an investigating and discerning mind. Books were his delight. He flew to them as to a pastime, and seemed regaled by the enjoyment he derived from them. He had a ready apprehension, and appeared to learn almost intuitively what was set before him.

The following little incident will show how intent his mind would be upon his book, when a child. At one time he was engaged in reading Æsop's Fables; and his little sister, Eliza, who could just run alone, would go to him and cry after the pictures in it. In order to keep her quiet and read on unmolested, he used to crawl under the bed in his mother's nursery, and there sit still, for hours, where the bed-curtains came down, and concealed him and his book from further molestation.

But his love of the Bible deserves to be more particularly noticed. While a child, nothing could be more obvious than that he loved to read the holy scriptures. I can truly say, I never saw him read any other book with so much apparent pleasure. He perused its sacred pages with all that eagerness which small children commonly bestow upon mere story books, and of course, he became familiarly acquainted with the volume of

inspired truth, long before he had learnt, from above, to read it with the tearful eye of contrition, and the penitent heart of belief. His usual custom was, in the morning to take his station in his mother's room, open his Bible, and read aloud to her. Scripture language not unfrequently slid into his common conversation, and was brought up to prove any thing that was right in his view.

He received much instruction at home from his parents, but was usually kept at school, in Greenfield, some months in the year, or else had a private instructor. The summer of 1812, he spent at Deerfield Academy. His health continued to amend, and although his constitution was a poor one, yet he was able, for the most part, to attend to his studies. The following is a letter written by him, addressed to Mr. Joshua Leavitt, who was teaching school at Wethersfield, Con.

Greenfield, Jan. — 1815.

Dear Cousin,

" 'Twas once I had nothing to do, a story of nothing I'll tell,"—and, perhaps, you would not dislike to hear it. Once, having nothing to do, sister Mary said, brother, why don't you write to cousin Joshua? Why, replied I, because if I should, it would not excite his sensibilities half so much as a Wethersfield onion top would.—Try it, said she,—so I will, quoth I.—But my hopes were all blasted like potatoe tops before the frost,

for on going to the office for materials to write with, I could not get a pen, with which I could write,—then truly I had nothing to do. A proverb of the renowned Sancho Panza, "of a part take a part," so, of course, a part of nothing is at your service. This evening, having—nothing to do, I thought I would write. How do you come on with your school? for having been under your tuition, at Heath, and having experienced the rigour of your government, I feel interested for your scholars. Your letter gave us much pleasure, it was suffered to lie in the post office a fortnight, which fault you must lay at my door. I shall conclude with hoping, that when you have nothing to do, you will sit down, take your pen and scribble a letter to

your affectionate

JONA. LEAVITT.

Extract of a letter to his sisters, who were at New-Haven.

Social Villa,* Greenfield, July 30th, 1815.

DEAR GIRLS,

What do you think of me, and what am I to think of you? for it is a long time since you wrote to me. I sent you a scroll, a good while

* A familiar name for home.

ago. Every day since have I been to the post office—but no letter. Finally, a letter came—a letter for mama. I ran home with it. The letter to be sure was read, and we found you had been sick with the measles. Poor girls, said mama, they have had a hard time of it. But no letter for me all this while. Last Monday, uncle H. arrived—now, thought I, I shall certainly have a letter. I went up to his house—a packet of letters. I ran home with it.—Where is mine? said Eliza, and I, in the same breath, as Sarah unfolded the parcel. We were sadly disappointed, in finding none for us. As soon as I heard that you were alive and well, I left the room, thinking that I would not write to you until I had received an answer to my last letter. But as Mr. C. is going to New-Haven, I thought I would try once more. But I now certainly assure you that unless you write to me soon, I shall not do you the favor to write to you again by any means. I suppose Sarah has so much to say in her letters of "Holy friendship, love and truth," that she will tell you no news; so I must give all.

* * * * * * *

And now, my dear girls, I must love you and leave you. Adieu. Your good natured, and affectionate brother,

JONA. LEAVITT.

In the autumn of this year he was sent to Westfield Academy. Being but twelve years of age, and never before having been left alone from home, he was somewhat home-sick.—During the time of his residence at Westfield he wrote to his sisters as follows.

Westfield, Oct. 20th, 1815.

Dear Sister Sarah,

After papa left town, I went to school, and I confess I wished myself somewhere else—but when I came home to dinner I felt somewhat better, and before the next morning I felt quite at home. I went to school this forenoon and had one of my turns of headach; but I washed my head with vinegar, and that stopt it, for a while—but it took me again in school this afternoon; so after I had recited, I got excused and came home to write to you. I have a charming place to board, and am as happy as I could be from Greenfield. I wish you to write me all that you can collect. I shall question you and you must answer me. I begin.....How does Eliza? tell her she must be a good girl, and that I shall send her something the first opportunity. I saw Mr. J. F. (who studied with papa,) going by just now—I ran down, but he had turned the corner, and was out of sight before I could catch him up. I shall give you an account of every thing I can make an account of. We have five boarders beside myself here.

Mrs. —— has two daughters, and one of them puts me in mind of Mary, every time I see her. Tell Mr. S. W. I should have gone to see him before I went off, if I had had time. Good bye for the present.

Oct. 25th.

Dear Sister Mary,

I shall continue my journal in a letter to you, for I write every spare moment. I have spent an evening at Mr. ——'s. And last evening George and I made molasses candy.—Tell Eliza, I wish she could have a bite. I will give you an account of the manner in which the school is divided, with respect to speaking and writing composition. Those scholars whose names begin with A. B. C. D. E. F. G. &c. speak the second Wednesday after the beginning of the quarter, and the rest of the scholars carry in composition. And the next week on Wednesday, the others speak, and the rest carry in composition. As my name begins with L., I must carry in composition—and I have written a short one. This afternoon we did not go into the school-room at all, but had a fire made in the hall—and benches placed—and when the bell rung, we took our seats there. When the Preceptor entered, we all rose up—then each read,—we stand up until he tells us what are our faults in reading—and then we spell. After this, the first division speak on the stage, then the second division hand their

composition to the Preceptor, then the Preceptor reads a portion of the scriptures—and he talked to us about the great things of religion—and then the school was closed with prayer.

I wrote a long letter to friend A——, which I mean to send him by papa, who said he should call to see me on his way to court at Springfield. I expect him next Monday, and shall be very much disappointed indeed if he does not come.

November 10th.

I dont know, dear sister, but you will be tired of reading my foolish letters; but if you take half the pleasure in reading a letter from me that I do in reading one from you, you will be very willing to read them.

I am in hopes to get into Virgil next week. I have been to school just twenty days, and in that time have got the Latin Grammar fairly at my tongues end; besides 23 pages in the Latin primer. I have to get my lessons very differently from what I did at home, for if there is a word wrong, the lesson has to be got over again.

Yesterday, forenoon, I got three pages in Latin: when I went home at noon, Mrs. ——asked me if I could stay from school, and go with her son to carry a little girl about four years old to her mother, who lived three miles off. I told her yes. So, after dinner, we tackled up—took Miss N. and the little girl, and went to her mother's. When we arrived there, in a miserable hovel, on a straw bed, lay her mother, unable to get up;

three children, who had, for a week, had nothing to eat but what they procured, and no wood but what they got themselves. George and I left Miss N. there, took the waggon down to the river, and with an hour's hard work, got her a good load of flood-wood, every stick of which we had to carry a quarter of a mile, on our shoulders, to the waggon. She was very thankful for it. I cannot write more, because I must study hard to make up for yesterday afternoon. I shall continue my journal in a letter to Amelia. Adieu.

November 21st.

Dear Sister Amelia,

I despatched a letter to Sarah, by post, this afternoon—I had been down and shewed it to Mrs. ——, and she has just asked me how it was that I did not mention Amelia's name in my letter to Sarah. I will now make my excuse to you and send it by the first opportunity. When I was writing my letter, I was thinking as much of you as any body else. But I beg your ladyship's pardon—and if you will favor me with a letter, I shall be much obliged to you. Amelia, you cannot think what a good woman Mrs. —— is, so kind, so motherly, so good, I know of nobody that lives out of Greenfield, that I love so well. I saw J. F. in the post office, when I went to carry my letter—he seemed very glad to see me. Tell Mary that she must write to me without measure and without end—and so must you and

Sarah. It is bed-time, and I must say—Good night.

November 28th.

Dear Sister Eliza,

It is now Sunday afternoon. I went to meeting this forenoon and heard an excellent sermon: this afternoon I went to see a man baptized in the baptist way. A novel sight to me. I should be be delighted to receive a letter in your own hand writing. I shall write you some more by and by. I cannot get any thing pretty to send you. This is a very pleasant place. My dear sisters, it is uncertain when you will get my journal, and I am not certain you will get it all.

Yours, affect.

Jona. Leavitt.

Westfield, Dec. 3rd. 1815.

Dear and honored Father,

I have been to school all the time since you left town, except twice, that I got excused, on account of the headache. I am very much pleased with my boarding place, also with my instructor. I wish you to bring me down Jenkins' art of writing. I stand greatly in need of a bottle of ink, as you can see by my letter to Sarah. I have

been to school all day, and I know not of a day that I have worked so hard, with so little compensation. For I have studied all day as hard as I could study, and have indeed got a lesson, but I am sure, that if I had been in a room, by myself, I could, almost, have doubled it. There is a cyphering school to be set up here, but will keep only in the evenings ; and as I have nothing, particular, to do in the evenings—(there being no library in the Academy,) I should like to go, very well, if you and Mama approve of it. I was disappointed, this morning, in not finding a letter in the Post-Office, and I shall not take any comfort until I have one. I have nothing more to write now, but that I am greatly in want of employment ; and when I have leisure for reflection, I am very unhappy.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

J. L.

Westfield, Dec. 11th, 1815.

Dear Mother,

As I have nothing to do this long evening, I must try to think of something to write to you. I have been to the Post-Office every time the mail came in from Greenfield, but have always received the same answer from J. F. who tends the Office, "not yet"—but they say no news is good news." But I had rather have news. Tell Papa, I wish him to bring me Porteus' Evidences, for we have to get a lesson in that once every

week. I am greatly in want of employment out of school. I should not wish any better employment than to write letters to Greenfield, if I had any thing to write. Mama you must write me a good long letter—and tell me every thing about every body. If you have not written before this reaches you—you must sit down immediately and write to me ; for I shall not feel easy until I hear from home. I have nothing more to write, if I had, I should not close my letter.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

JOHNA. LEAVITT.

To Mr. Joshua Leavitt.

Westfield, Feb. 21, 1816.

DEAR COUSIN JOSHUA,

A year has now elapsed since I wrote to you. The length of time, that passed from my writing until I received your answer, quite chagrined me. I was not displeased, because, I knew that my letter was, by no means worth an answer. But, when I wrote it, I trusted that my kind cousin would overlook my numerous faults, and I find that I was not mistaken. Although I waited, a long time, for your letter, when it came, it more than amply repaid me. You need no excuse, cousin, for neglecting to answer my letter, but many thanks for yours. I am glad to find that

your health is so much better. I sincerely thank you for your good counsel, and will try to follow it and profit by it. I recollect that you left Greenfield on Monday. On Tuesday of the week after, I bade adieu to Greenfield and its dear inhabitants, and accompanied by Papa, returned to Westfield. The going was bad, and we had a very uncomfortable ride. The sudden thaw prevented the execution of a plan, which would have been delightful to me, viz. for Mama, sister Sarah and Eliza to have accompanied me back to Westfield. On Wednesday Papa returned, and I began again to study, and to endeavour to drive Greenfield, and its dear inhabitants, from my mind, in which, I have so far succeeded, that I feel myself quite contented. I realize, dear cousin, what you tell me, that the path of learning is a pleasant path. It is much so to me. It is a month, yesterday, since I came here. In that time, I have gone through with the 3d part of the second book of Virgil, and through Cummings' Geography, (which I finished yesterday,) and reviewed the 2d book of Virgil. I I have learnt the principles of scanning, and got so that I can scan a little. When I think of the vast fields of science that lie before me, I fear I shall not be able to realize the expectations of my friends, but it shall not be because I do not endeavour.

I remain your affectionate

J. L.

Westfield, June, 15th, 1816.

Dear Sister Amelia,

I received your second letter this morning, and as you trust to me for an explanation of my silence, I shall now proceed to give you one. The day after I received the first letter, I put an answer to it in the Post-Office—and yesterday the Post-Master returned it to me—telling me that the line from here to the northward now passed through West-Springfield—and that I must send out of the way. This morning I found your letter, for which I cannot enough thank you. I assure you I was heartily ashamed of myself the day before I left home. I suppose you all think me very foolish and very childish; but if you were to know my reasons, I am sure you would think very differently. However, I wish you to think no more about it, and be assured I shall be perfectly willing to remain here as long as my parents think best. Are you expecting to take a journey or not? Mama told me, that if you should, you would certainly come through Westfield. I cannot tell you how glad I should be to see you here. I wish you would write speedily and let me know if I may expect you. I cannot help looking for you even now. I feel the loss of the company of my dear sisters and friends, if possible, more than when I left home last fall. It is very different here from riding with my mother and sisters. I really should think that among all

your Beaus you might find one polite enough to escort a lady on horseback. I assure you I should not fail if I were able. And if, at any time, you may send a messenger for me, I should be as much pleased as you, to attend you as a beau. I have bought me a pack of geographical cards, and find much advantage as well as amusement with them.

Yours affectionately,

J. L.

Jonathan's temperament was peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of the delights of social intercourse ; and his bosom glowed, with fondness, for home and home-born objects. I never knew him leave home, either at the time, to which he alludes in the above letter—or at any other period of his life, without giving some testimony of the affectionate sensibility of his heart. About this time, he was obliged to leave his studies, on account of breaking an arm, very badly, and splintering some of the bones.

He sat in a chair, with his broken arm lying on the table, when the Doctor entered. Doctor, said he—here is a bad job for you, but do your work well. He kept up good courage during the setting of the bone, and, not long after, was brought home ; where he remained until the month of September 1817, when he was placed at Amherst Academy.

Amherst, Sept. 7th, 1817.

Dear Mary,

I was very much, and very agreeably surprised yesterday, at receiving your letter by Mr. G. I have been looking out for Papa on his return from Worcester, but am not sorry to hear that he will not come, until the middle of the week; because, if he happens to be here, on Wednesday, he will have an opportunity of witnessing my dexterity at "handling the jubber," (as old Mr. R. used to say.) A comedy will also be acted, and a number of declamations spoken, and the hall will be open for the admission of spectators. I have been through the Greek grammar, and a few chapters in the Testament, since I came here. There is no news that would interest you, excepting that Miss ———, whom you saw at Greenfield, has caught Mr. ——— in her toils. Ask Sarah if she has sent home that volume of the Encyclopedia, which I desired her to do, when she was here. Write often and much, to your very affectionate brother.

J. L.

Amherst, Oct. 25th, 1817.

Dear Sisters,

I joyfully devote the first leisure moment, which has offered, since my return, to writing to

you, although I know of no opportunity by which to send, hoping that by some lucky chance, this will reach you. I have, this day, finished the Acts of the Apostles in the Greek Testament. I am pleasantly situated—have a good room—pleasant room-mate, and nothing to interrupt. When returning, I dined at Mr. ——'s, and was brought by his son to Amherst at 3 o'clock. I am in good health, and have nothing to do but to study; and I hope I shall make suitable improvement. Last Tuesday the appointments for exhibition were given out. Surely some Latin star presided at my birth, else I should not, again, be appointed to astonish an audience with an unintelligible oratiuncula. Picture to yourself your brother Jon. mounted on the rostrum, exposed to the criticism of a large assembly, which he is addressing in language that they know not from High Dutch; and if you do not ride sixteen miles to see this, I shall conclude you are totally devoid of curiosity. I like my appointment better than I should a part in a dialogue, because it does not take so much time to prepare, and gives a better opportunity of displaying a scholar's oratory, (that is, if he has any.) The exhibition will be in the evening, three weeks from next Tuesday. The examination of the Latin scholars will be in the afternoon; of the English, in the forenoon. I shall be very sorry if you do not some of you come here, so as to be present, at least, at the exhibition. By mistake I sent home the fourth volume

of Scott's Bible, instead of the third, which I had finished.

Yours, &c.

J. L.

Social Villa, Greenfield, Feb. 27th, 1818.

Dear Amelia,

Mother and I were very comfortable on our journey from Cambridge. I have only to say, that I wish to hear from you, and see you, very much, and love you not a little, which can be told as well in four as in forty lines.

"Short be my speech, nor time affords,
"Nor my plain temper, glossing words."

I return to Amherst next week. Your ever loving brother,

J. L.

To Miss ———

Social Villa, Feb. 27th, 1818.

Modest indeed and very obliging thou art, dear Cousin. For when I expected nothing less than an unintelligible French or Dutch epistle, I was agreeably surprised by a letter in humble English. I would not wish to disturb the settled

rosiness of thy cheeks, by raising the blush of shamefacedness, but in justice, I must say—that for elegance of penmanship, loftiness of style and genius, thy letter exceeds every thing that I have seen. When thou readest this, if thou feelest the blood mounting in thy damask cheeks, turn aside thine head, and let the long curl, that hangeth down, like a bunch of hops from a stately pole, shade the left side of thy face ; this letter, (however unworthy the honour,) in this posture read, all with attention, but chiefly this : What a sad thing it would be if such a fair nymph, as thou, shouldst be, like Lodono, " in a soft silver stream, dissolved away!"

In consideration of this, we shall permit Amelia to remain with you, until you find some one sufficiently interesting to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. As to me, whom you miss so much, I recommend the same conduct, which reynard practised, when driven from the grapes.—Swift is no favourite of mine, I assure you. Fortunately my nose being small, I escaped that degree of cold, which would have turned it blue ; though I hereby certify thee, that when I got home to the city of my habitation, it was much damaged by the western breeze. Your image and that of your sister are continually before me, like two turtle-doves—while Amelia sits by, like a parrot tired of talking,——your brothers like young cuckoos, casually interrupting—and I like what ? why, like the main-spring of a watch, setting you all in motion. Time will not permit me to write

more ; so hoping that the pigeons will escape all birds of prey, and at last find their proper mates ; the parot recover her speech and entertain you all ; the main spring be supplied, and all go on harmoniously, I subscribe myself

Yours, &c.

J. L.

Amherst, March 9th, 1818.

Dear Mary,

I write by the first opportunity which has offered, to let you know how I am. My eyes have borne study as well as I expected. I am doubtful whether they will hold out long—though I think the probability is, they will. I use them with great care, not studying at all by candle-light. I began the Hebrew grammar last Monday, shall finish it to-morrow. I have also gone thirty pages in Sallust. Both the instructors tell me I can fit myself for Yale College in two thirds of the time between this and next commencement. Good news for me. I write in haste, and with something of the head-ache. Mr. —— desires me to inform Papa that the Hebrew books, for which he has written to Andover, will, if sent at all, be left at Uncle H——'s in Cambridge, or at Armstrong's in Boston.

Amherst, March 29th, 1818.

Dear Sister

I have received your letter dated the 13th, for which I thank you. Mr. —— intended to have gone to Greenfield, but was prevented by the storm. Col. G. is now at Boston purchasing a chemical apparatus, with which he intends to deliver lectures. I think I shall attend them, as they are to be given in the evenings, and therefore will be no interruption to my other studies. Mr. P. desires S. W. to send him the letters which he has received from Henry Obookiah—which Mr. P. will copy and return.

I look forward with anxious expectation to the time, when I shall be a member of College, which time is rapidly approaching. There is scarcely any thing I desire more than to enter College next commencement. Yale I prefer. Mr. ——, (who was at college under President Dwight, and is now under President Day,) thinks the College in as good a state as ever. I am very much pleased with the Hebrew ; I am in the fourth chapter of Genesis. I shall not attend to it more than six weeks longer, for I wish to be more than barely fitted for College. I have finished Sallust, and am now studying the ninth of Cicero's Orations. I hope to finish Cicero, and Virgil's Pastorals this term, and to begin the Græca Minora. My eyes are doing nicely. I shall not visit Greenfield till the close of the quarter, for I

wish to toughen for a long term at College. Write by the bearer, to your affectionate brother.

Amherst, April 9th, 1818.

Dear Father,

I received your letter containing a paper of eye-powder, which has been of great use to my eyes. Mr. ——— has a class just beginning upon the French language. He would like to have me join it; and thinks I shall not need to spend more than an hour, each day, upon it, in order to keep up with the class, which consists of scholars who have not studied the Latin. If you think it best, I should like to join the class. I can procure the necessary books here. This term I have gone over a hundred pages in Sallust, (which I have finished;) one hundred and thirty in Cicero; twenty-six in the Pastorals of Virgil; have also gone over six chapters in the Hebrew Bible. I think my eyes are stronger than at the beginning of the term. I thank you for your truly parental advice which I aim to follow; and it shall always be my highest ambition to deserve your affection.

Your dutiful son.

Amherst, July 1st, 1818.

Dear Mother,

When I was at home last, I meant to remain here but one week more, if my eyes did not get

better ; but as they are just as they were, when I was at Greenfield, I think it best to try them another week.

This is the first real disappointment that I ever experienced, and it is much greater and more sensibly felt than you suppose. I have always considered myself destined to spend my life in the pursuits of knowledge, and it has been my endeavour to gain such a knowledge of the preparatory studies, as would enable me to shine in my collegiate course. This I have nearly obtained. One fortnight's close application would complete the course of studies, which are required at Yale College. The Preceptor assures me I could enter College now ; but I will never offer myself, until I am possessed of the requisite studies. I think I shall be able to enter College next fall. If my eyes do not get better in the course of this week, I should think it best to return to Greenfield, where I am confident, I shall be able to finish my studies before the term begins at College ; and where I can favour my eyes as much as I please, being under no academical restrictions. Ambition, my dear mother, has been the ruin of many a scholar. H. K. White said, were he to paint fame crowning a successful scholar, he would represent her concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty. Last fall I obtained the highest appointment but one, in the exhibition. I was appointed to declaim at the last examination. I have been appointed to exhibit my compositions in public. Like H. K. White, I have been a

successful scholar—like him I begin to experience disappointment, and would that like him I could "only bow, and say, my God thy will be done." But no. I am convinced that my happiness ceases when I quit the paths of science.

Your affectionate son,

J. L.

Jonathan's eyes continued in so weak a state for the rest of the summer, that he was unable to study. And the disappointment which the failure of his eyes occasioned him, proved to be as lasting as it was real. He had become attached to Amherst, and left it with regret, and never ceased to dwell with pleasure on the time, which he spent there. When he first went to Amherst, he resolved to go through with the Greek Testament in three months. He accomplished his object, but ruined his eyes by studying Greek in the evenings. While fitting for College at Amherst, he kept up the same diligent perusal of the Scriptures, for which he was so remarkable in earlier life. Mrs. —— in whose family he resided, and who was warmly interested for him, found so repeatedly, that when he left his room, his bible lay near his seat, as though he had just closed the volume—that she could not believe such a mere lad would read so much in it. But upon watching him, she discovered from day to day, the slip of paper, which designated his place, was removed far onward. Mrs. —— says that while under her roof, he was the most blameless person

she ever knew; that at that time she thought the seeds of divine grace in his heart, and that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven. Moreover, that his premature death was what she had anticipated—for that she had always regarded him as far too promising. When she heard of Jonathan's death, she wept, as she would for one of her own children. While we quote, as valuable testimony, to the worth of our departed friend the opinion of one, unconnected by the ties of consanguinity, and whose judgment is matured by years, and long acquaintance with the dear deceased; it renews our grief at the loss of him, so early removed from his friends, by the mysterious allotment of heaven. Long will his memory live in the hearts of those who knew him at Amherst—for here he was greatly beloved. And here too he is mourned and lamented.

"So fades the lovely blooming flow'r;
"Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
"So soon our transient comforts fly,
"And pleasure only blooms to die."

We can find only two of Jonathan's compositions which were written at Amherst Academy. Ever averse to have his writing seen—he destroyed many of them after they had answered their original purpose. In the fall of this year he was admitted a member of Yale College.

"*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis auri sacra fames.*"

Avarice is a vice which is degrading to human nature, and inconceivably baleful in its effects. When man, for whom "the seasons walk their splendid round;" to whom the paths of science lie open; for whom the Son of God suffered an ignominious death, makes the acquisition of wealth his chief object, he degrades his nature, and abuses the talents with which he is entrusted.

The evils arising from avarice are innumerable and inconceivably great. It is this that arms the robber against his fellow creatures, and gives him strength to plant the dagger in the breast of innocence. It is this dooms thousands of wretched beings to slavery. It was this, deluged Mexico in the blood of more than a million of her innocent inhabitants. It was this, crucified the "high and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity." When avarice seizes on the heart, if it does not lead to crimes, yet it freezes up the source of every warm and liberal feeling. The heart of the avaricious man is steeled against compassion. His eye can view, unmoved, the pallid face of misery. He can listen without emotion to the cries of wretchedness. He oppresses the widow and the orphan, and grinds the faces of the poor without remorse. Avarice is directly contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, and therefore should be carefully avoided by every Christian. For "they that would be rich fall into temptation.

and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." "For the love of money is the root of all evil."

When a man becomes engaged in the pursuit of wealth, it is almost impossible to stop. He will go on until the time arrives, when "death shall dissolve the sinews of avarice, and justice be permitted to resume her rights;" when he must leave his treasures, and render an account for a life, spent entirely in the accumulation of wealth, before that Being, who has said, "lay not up treasures on earth." But thou, O man of God, flee these things."

"*Vinum causa malorum magnorum est.*"

What can be so degrading to human nature as drunkenness? The bounteous Creator of the universe has raised man above the brutes, by the gift of reason, which exalted him to a height little below that of the angels, by which he becomes, in no small degree, the image of his Maker; but ungrateful man spurns the inestimable gift, and for the gratification of a few moments, voluntarily thrusts it from him. What is so astonishing, so horrible, as to see rational creatures, capable of enjoying eternal happiness, who ought to devote their time and every talent allotted them to prepare for future usefulness, ruining their souls for the momentary gratification of a most base ap-

petite. Is not this hiding the talent in a napkin? Is it not worse; is it not prostituting, to a most vile purpose, that which was given us, by which to prepare for eternity? The drunkard voluntarily plunges himself into perdition. He has not the shadow of an excuse; for certainly the transitory pleasure that lasts only while the taste of the intoxicating draught remains on his palate, cannot be compared to the dreadful consequences which inevitably follow. What misery has this vice occasioned! How many innocent families have been reduced to beggary; how many have been forced to drag on the load of life in poverty, wretchedness, and despair, when old, for having spent their youth in dissipation; how many have been brought to an ignominious death and to eternal misery hereafter, by this detestable, this all destroying vice. No rank, but it pervades. The king and the beggar, alike, fall victims at the shrine of intemperance. Even that illustrious patriarch, who, alone of the antediluvian world, was preserved from the universal destruction, while the innumerable vestiges of the recent desolation were before his view; when the bow, the pledge of God's mercy was scarce effaced from the clouds, "drank of his wine and was drunken." But the mischief does not stop here. From the midnight revel, thousands rush forth, with minds inflamed, and passions raised by wine, lost to all sense of honour, and duty, like demons, to corrupt, rob or murder their fellow creatures. Many who were once in the path to

honour and virtue, have been turned aside by such, have ruined themselves, and sunk into their graves with nothing behind them but the curses of their fellow men, and nothing before them but a vast eternity, "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour them." It should be the care of every one to shun this vice, which is the key to all others. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." For such a fall is truly dreadful. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

New-Haven, Oct. 28th, 1818.

Dear Amelia,

Yesterday I received from cousin Joshua a long lecture upon cleanliness. Who would have thought it of him? Now, as I see I shall soon have many letters to answer, I conceive it to be both good, proper, and right, moreover comely, in the eyes of all good personages, to write firstly to my kinsfolks, according to the flesh; (for if we should write to our kinsfolks according to the spirit—many a poor scholar, I trow, would be in a fair way to violate that clause of the law, which saith, "No scholar shall contract matrimony.") Alas! what are we poor scholars subjected to? The thought of our hardships suggested to me

the following beautiful stanzas, which are not bedizened with the supernumerary flourish of words, but are written with the simple eloquence of truth.

Ye good Dutch blankets, and thou feather bed,
On which I've often laid my learned head ;
Till wak'd at eight o'clock from sleep profound,
I heard of Molly's voice the solemn sound.
How much I miss you here no tongue can tell,
When wak'd at six o'clock by college bell—
In haste I shivering clap my clothing on,
And with my utmost speed to chapel run.

These lines are not written to display my poetical genius, but are excited by the remembrance of the Dutch blankets and feather bed, I had at home, for which I shall always have a remarkable affection. I have only to add that I am perfectly contented ; eyes as well as I expected. Give my respects, compliments, condolence, and congratulations to all you think proper.

J. L.

To Mr. Joshua L.

New-Haven, Nov. — 1818.

Cousin Joshua,

Your letter by Mr.—— was very acceptable, and contained much advice, which I have found to be very good. I look with pleasure on my

own snug room, where I live with no companion but Livy, Adams, Webber, &c. &c. I am indeed situated delightfully, and have every thing I could wish for—but strong eyes. I fear after all I must drag through college at the end of the class, and come out as many have before me, very little wiser than when I entered. Although my eyes have been much better than I expected, yet their weakness is an insurmountable bar to my progress, and will, I fear, prevent me from becoming a distinguished scholar. I hope you will soon answer this.

Your most humble J. L.

To Mr. Samuel Wells.

New-Haven, Nov. 23, 1818.

Dear Friend,

I snatch a moment from my numerous and pressing studies to answer your very acceptable letter. My studies have indeed pressed upon me so fast, and have so totally engrossed my attention, that I scarcely have time to write even to my own family, and I look back upon the five weeks, which I have spent at New-Haven as upon a dream, the events of which I can scarcely believe true. When I look round upon the now large circle of my acquaintance, I see scarcely one face, which two months ago I should have known. When I contrast my present situation, my college habits, early rising &c. with my sit-

uation and habits when at Greenfield or Amherst, I am astonished that I have been contented. I have been not only contented, but quite happy. Before I entered college, fear of rejection kept me uneasy, and so strong was my belief that I should be rejected, that it was with the greatest reluctance I offered myself. After my entrance, fear lest the weakness of my eyes would deter me from pursuing my studies, continually troubled me. They hold out far better than I expected. I have taken a room in college with L. and B. two scholars from Amherst, with whom I there became acquainted, and by whose assistance I am enabled to spend my evenings in a profitable manner. Adieu. J. L.

New-Haven, Decr. 6th, 1818.

Dear Mother,

I devote a few moments on Sunday evening to let you know I am well, and to give you some description of my situation. At six in the morning we arise and attend prayers, and then recitation. At eleven we recite in arithmetic—at five in the afternoon in the Roman Antiquities. The morning's lesson therefore must be got in the evening. Now figure to your senses your son Jon. with his blinder far down upon his nose, listening to his room mates and endeavoring to obtain some knowledge of the lesson, and you will have my figure. My room mates are exactly such as you would wish—sober, serious,

steady, studious. I am on nearly the same ground with the rest of the class. I see, however, many of my fellow students rising above me in classical excellence, by the help of nocturnal studies, and intense application, a sight not very pleasing. Yes, I must drag through college merely as a member of college, no part in the exhibitions, no appointment at commencement, and when I leave college none, save a few friends, will know that such a person entered or left college. The silence of neglect has terrors greater to me than you would suppose: Ambition, earthly ambition "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I board in a very pleasant family. Old N.— is well, and was provided with a goose and turkey for thanksgiving. I dined that day at Mr. ——.Our vacation is five weeks from next Wednesday, when I intend to return to Greenfield in the stage, in company with six other scholars who are going to that part of Massachusetts. Do not write any thing to the contrary.

Your dutiful son.

New-Haven, Decr. 11th, 1818.

Dear Eliza,

It is now Saturday evening, the only evening in the week not devoted to Livy; and I trust I shall not be trespassing upon this part of the Sabbath if I devote it to writing to my sister Eliza. I wish you could this moment enter my

room and see my college habitation; my little Excellency, (as my sisters always called me) in a large armed rocking chair; with a commodious leaf, cushion &c. which I have purchased for three dollars—shoes off as usual—feet on the andirons, and his thoughts on the "Hall of his fathers." I perceive by your letters that you blame me for not writing. You say I have written but once: Have I not written once to Amelia, once to S. W.? Has not Mama received my letter to her? What has become of the catalogue which I sent you, thinking you would be pleased to see your brother's name enrolled on the lists of Yale College. You cannot possibly suppose that I should forget, or neglect to write to you in my situation, a stranger in a strange land. I trust I shall conduct in such a manner as to repay my parents for their expense, trouble and anxiety on my account. Last Saturday I went to East Rock, and there saw a real hermit; a being who lives on the summit of the rock, in a kind of house made of stones, like the black dwarf in the Tales of my Landlord. Last Wednesday evening I went to see the steam boat, with which I was highly pleased. Vacation draws near. If it is the design of you good people that I shall then return to Greenfield, please to signify it by letter.

Monday Morning.—Cold, cold, cold work it is to get up at six o'clock, and go to prayers by moon light. How do you like this cold weather?

I am to speak before my class to day, and to exhibit a translation from Sallust on Tuesday.

Adieu.

New-Haven, Decr. 26th, 1818.

Dear Sarah,

Though my two last letters from home were written by sister Mary and Eliza, yet I now address my letter to you, because, (if I recollect it aright I have not directed one letter to you since my residence at New Haven. Where are the eleven weeks which I have spent at a distance from Social Villa ? Gone, gone. When I came to college I came with a firm expectation of being discontented, of watching the slow motion of the wheels of time, counting minutes for hours, and hours for weeks, and of spending at least the first term in a very pitiable situation. But I have found it exactly the reverse. Although I am a stranger in New-Haven, yet I find many acquaintances in college, which add much to the pleasantness of my situation. I received Mary's letter to-day. The truths contained therein are solemn, and deserving of consideration. Though sober reason teaches, that the votary of science looks from the summit of "that steep, where fame's proud temple shines afar ;" with less unsullied pleasure, than the votary of Jesus, from his pallet, upon the cross of his Redeemer ; and hears with less true happiness his name proclaimed by the "obstreperous

trumpet of fame," than the thief upon the cross heard the promise of Christ, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" yet such is the delusive colouring with which youth views these things—that the tinsel is almost universally preferred to the gold. I would write more but it is nearly nine. I fancy Amelia would form no very favourable opinion of my hand writing from this letter. Excuse it and answer it immediately. In a fortnight I shall set sail for Greenfield, and arrive there on Wednesday evening.

I remain affectionately yours, &c.

J. L.

Addressed to Mr. A. M.

New-Haven, Decr. 29th, 1818.

Dear Friend A———.

Have you forgot the writing of one whom you have long since given up as an incorrigible promise breaker? I know you have resolved not to write to me again, but I know also that you must not keep your resolution. For want of direct opportunity, and on account of the perpetual hurry of the first term of college life, I have been hitherto prevented from writing to you. But I trust you will excuse it—in consideration of my unfortunate situation, with respect to eye sight; which forces me to devote every moment when I can study—to college duties. At six in the morning we attend prayers and recitation in Livy, at eleven we recite in arithme-

tic, at four in English Grammar. Thus we are driven from post to pillar, and find no rest for the sole of our feet. A fortnight from this evening I shall exalt my corporeal machine upon the wheels—or runners of the stage, and on Wednesday evening shall behold, (if it is not too dark) the village of my nativity. Excuse the shortness of this letter, and be assured things shall not go on so hereafter. If convenient, please to mention to my father that I am well, and shall be at home on the thirteenth or fourteenth of January.

Your friend J. L.

New-Haven, Feb. 6th 1819.

Dear Sarah,

I write in haste to let you know I have arrived in safety at the place of my destination. At Deerfield I picked up Mr. P. at Hatfield my room mate B. and at West Springfield L. A little this side of Northampton the fore wheel of our carriage failed, which hindered no more than an hour. We dined at West Springfield at five o'clock and arrived at Hartford about ten. The next day I reached New-Haven. We have begun to study Homer's Illiad in Greek ; which I find very distressing to my eyes. They cause me much anxiety and trouble. And I have to reflect that my own imprudence brought this upon me. Can I but pass through college, I shall be contented though I see the greatest dunce

alive preferred to me, (which I must see). But I will say no more upon this subject, for you must be tired of it. Yours &c.

To Mr. Samuel Wells.

New-Haven, Feb. 19th, 1819.

Your letter I received yesterday, and it is with pleasure I now sit down to answer it.

To the youthful mind just entering the path of science, no object seems more desirable than literary distinction. Inspired with the hope of obtaining this, the student bears with pleasure the laborious parts of study, undergoes the labours of the day, and the vigils of the night with patience, and toils with delight up the flinty steep, while the summit is in view. But when that is lost, when he feels that, labour as he may, he can never reach the summit, but must be outstripped by others, every effort of ambition is checked, and every hope of genius blasted. What was before a pleasure becomes a sort of task, and the pursuit of knowledge is irksome. It cannot therefore appear strange that my situation should cause me some anxiety. But I assure you that I am not like to fall into a fit of despondency. If my health and eyes are as at present, I shall be able to pass through college. I can only hope they will be so.

J. L.

New-Haven, Feb. 20th, 1819.

Dear Mother,

Why have I not during the last week, received any news from Greenfield? Situated as I am at such a distance from home, and knowing that a sister is dangerously sick, I cannot but feel a degree of anxiety on her account greater even than that of those friends who watch over her pillow, and daily mark the progress of her disease; or her recovery. Write therefore, and either relieve my anxiety or confirm my fears. If Eliza is recovering, surely I ought to be relieved from anxiety for her; if growing worse, I should by no means be kept in ignorance of it. Since the commencement of this term, I have been able to study with much more success than I could have expected. My eyes have been gaining until within a few days; they are now not so well. O may I learn by these afflictions, to "despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction."

Your affectionate son.

New-Haven, March 5th, 1819.

Dear Sister Eliza,

I snatch the first leasurure moments to tell you how much concern I have felt for you, and how

glad I am to hear of your progress towards recovery, by Mary's letter. If you are able to write, I hope you will answer this immediately and let me know how you are. I was pleased to hear that sister Mary had at length accomplished her journey. There has been no sleighing of any consequence here since my return. The walking is intolerably bad, and the weather very unpleasant. We have had no disturbance in college this term, but go on as regularly as in a private family. Our studies are Algebra, which I find very easy; Livy a Roman Historian; a very interesting study; and Homer's Illiad; in the original Greek, in which it was written, which is a laborious study, though on a very interesting subject, (viz. ladies, &c.) for we have to study long to find out the lady's name, and turn over the leaves of the Lexicon to find the colour of her eyes, in which Homer is very particular. My eyesight is almost expended, therefore I must bid you farewell, with my best wishes for your recovery, health, and happiness.

New-Haven, March, 27th, 1819.

Dear Mary,

I received yours of the 23d, inst. yesterday, through favour of the Penny-Post; to which I remunerated the sum of one penny therefor.

The habitation, the dwelling place, the delectable abode, of the most honorable, learned, eloquent, brave and illustrious sons of Yale, begin-

neth to brighten up,—and withal the spirits of your's &c. &c. begin to be revived. In this place is a society called the Linonian : Reverend and beloved of my soul, and dearest to my eyes; who sheltering herself under the wings of old Yale, hath flourished like a green vine, for these many years. In which my genius will undoubtedly shine like a candle under a bushel. Give me your best wishes that I may make out well. These sticks I send are specimens of inconsumable wood—try to burn them.

Yours &c.

New-Haven, April 8th, 1819.

Your letter of the 3d inst. dear Mamma, has occasioned me great anxiety. When I heard of Eliza's sickness I was prompted upon first thought to take the stage for Greenfield ; and when I read your last letter I was sorry you had not given me directions to return home. On account of the alteration which is made in the time of election by the new Constitution of this state, the faculty have thought proper to shorten this term one week, which would bring the commencement of the vacation on the third day of May. The week preceding the end of the term is taken up in examinations and exhibitions of the Juniour class. It will I think be equally advantageous to return to Greenfield as soon as the studies of the term are through, that is, a week before the close of the term. If Pappa does not get better, I think it would be advisable for

me to return home; if he does, I think I had better stay till the end of the term, as I have never witnessed a college exhibition. Let me entreat you and my sisters to be careful of your own health, and if Pappa is not recovering to write for me to return. Your ever dutiful and affectionate son. J. L.

Addressed to Mr. A. M.

New-Haven, April 11th, 1819.

Dear Friend,

The situation of my Father's family, in which there has been almost continual sickness, since I left it the last time, must excuse me for not writing to you before. I received your letter by Mr. N. last Friday—which was fast day in this state—and my birth day. The anticipations you form of my future success, are equally friendly and visionary. Ill health and weakness of eyes, are omnipotent drawbacks to my progress in literature. In this favoured land of ours the principle, and almost the only path to distinction is the path of science. It is not the dull, heavy, plodding mathematical student, who spends his nights and days in the labyrinths of mathematical investigation,—that will rise to distinction in after life. It is the keen observer of men

and manners, the genius that investigates the human character. Such was the Roman youth who grasped the empire of the world. Such have been those men in all ages, who have astonished the world with their exploits. Distinction at College, therefore, is not necessary to distinction in life. But the noise, the bustle and hurricane of political life is ill suited to the exercise of those feelings, and the discharge of those duties which men ought to exercise and discharge. But the man who would execute his duty to his Creator, political elevation should be shunned, rather than sought for. I only ask to be freed from every ambitious wish.

In a ramble this morning with a class-mate, I accidentally discovered what I had often sought for in vain. In an obscure corner of the old burying ground, I found two stones, whose inscription was almost obliterated by time, but which I knew from the description I had read of them in Stiles' Judges. Here I read the names of the judges of king Charles—men who shone in their day of glory, who condemned to the block the crowned head of Britain. And now the heedless scholar's foot treads rudely on their ashes, as he pursues his ball over the green, and thinks not that beneath him lie outstretched, the bones of the mighty. Even so will future generations trample on our dust, when it is mingled with its mother clay.

Farewell.

J. L.

New-Haven, April 17th, 1819.

Dear Eliza,

How are you now adays?—and how are all the good folks? and why don't you write to me? I have been to the Post Office once aday lately, but nothing there. I am expecting Mr. N. of Greenfield, every moment from New-York. Methinks I never felt so anxious to get home before. The weather is very fine, my eyes and health are very good for me; our studies are very easy; and my thoughts are continually upon Social Villa. I feel concerned for the health of the family, and I feel it would be delightful to enjoy the opening spring with my dear friends at Greenfield. Yours &c.

New-Haven, April 19th, 1819.

Dear Mother,

I received your letter this morning, money and all, together with a long and valuable letter from cousin Joshua. I am rejoiced to hear Papa is so much better. I think you must have had, (as the saying is,) a tough time of it. And I rejoice that my ill health has not been added to your burden. My health has been remarkably good. I take a long walk every morning before breakfast, which I find is very beneficial, as it gives me a fine appetite, (though as to that point I am not usually deficient,) and it preserves me in a

great measure from the laziness and headach that I generally feel in warm weather. We are called up at half past five, which I think is a very healthy practice, and one I mean to continue when at home. The small-pox is entirely gone. Only one person, a sailor, died of it. I accidentally found the notes Amelia wished for—they are inexpressibly sweet. "The golden hours on angel's wings flew o'er me and my deary." So at my return you will be entertained with the music of the spheres. A fortnight from next Monday I leave New-Haven for Social Villa. Until then, adieu.

Your affectionate son,

J. L.

New-Haven, June 13th, 1819.

Dear Eliza,

Uncle Horatio has come—and Uncle Horatio has gone—and left me here alone. Last Thursday I spent with him. We visited the cabinet of minerals, called at Mr. ——, &c. &c. About four in the afternoon he left New-Haven. I rode with him as far as the *chips*, where I left him to pursue his journey alone, and walked back to college. I believe it is the nature of man to be a fool. I am very sure it is mine. I would not quit this place for any spot in the world, in my present circumstances; but I confess that when Uncle H. rode away, and I thought of the happy

meeting at home, I was tempted to wish myself there. The velocipede, so famous here, is a pretty play thing. I rode on it some time yesterday, and could make it go with considerable velocity on the walks of the garden where I rode it. Yours, &c.

New-Haven, June 27th, 1819.

Dear Amelia,

I received Sarah's letter by Mr. S——s last week. I suppose the presence of Uncle Horatio has given new life to the family circle of the Leavitts. That life which your brother Jon. with all his noise and folly, gives, when he returns from College. I have received my premium for composition, a small but valuable book, containing six comedies of Terrence. On the first page were a few words written in Latin, which I here translate for your edification.

"To Jonathan Leavitt, a member of Yale College, this Berkelianean premium, as an incitement to future industry, is awarded by the Berkelianean examiners.—Attest,

Jeremiah Day, President."

The walks in New-Haven are now delightful. I find I am getting to be very much attached to this place. If I remain three years more here, I shall hardly know how to quit it. Moreover I have fallen into the hands of some very insinuating damsels—they insinuate me every time I

come near 'em. (You see I have not forgotten our friend Mr. ——'s observation.) Give my best regards to Miss H. and the whole generation of gals. I hope Miss E. will live through the hipo or the low-po, or whatever disorder she has. Amelia, what a place New-Haven is for that generation of vipers, vulgarly called damsels! Thick as hops—sweet as white mul-berries—white as slacked lime—meet 'em at every corner, smiling, jerking, bowing,—how are you? This, I suppose you will say is according to my old style of talking. So it is, and it seems natural to talk it to the girls, as I always called my sisters, you know. Miss —— has read me some most edifying lectures of late. The dear creature, who goeth up and down seeking whom she may devour. As for sister Eliza, tell her that Miss ——, with whom she was so intimate at Hadly, is here, and had the support of my arm, in a walk from Uncle Seth's to her boarding place. If Eliza was here to walk with us, it would be worth while. Take care of yourself, of Papa, Mama, and the girls' health, and remember your brother at New-Haven. If occasion requires, take a little wine for the stomach's sake, and our often infirmities, according to my rule. Witness me. Don't you recollect the old current wine establishment? It always effects my sensibilities to think of that. "O joy remembered well"—how sweet to think of thee! How insinuating thy remembrance! "Distinct, but distant, dear—but oh how cold!" Forgive this nonsensical letter.

Yours, &c.

New-Haven, July, 21st, 1819.

Dear Sister Sarah,

It is now vacation—a vacation of three days. I gladly improve this leisure moment by writing to my friends at Greenfield. Our studies have increased in difficulty within three weeks very much, and require diligent attention. Since I wrote to you last, I have had to declaim in the chapel, and to exhibit a translation from Quintus Curtius. So you may conclude I have been busy enough. The people here did nothing to celebrate the fourth of July, except ringing the bells. One of the students delivered an oration in the court-house—an oration which would do honour to any man living. But who could not write well on such a theme ? It might warm the heart and loose the tongue of an idiot. It would almost, as Milton says,

"Create a soul under the ribs of death."

It is our lot to enjoy the reward of the labour of our ancestors. We dwell in the cities which they built and defended. We sail on the waters which were crimsoned with their blood ; and plant the lands which were manured with their bodies. What a field for the display of valour was opened in the revolution ? When I think on the battles and victories of those days, I almost wish I had then lived ; that I might have fought

by the side of Washington, or fallen on the same field with a Warren.

My health is pretty good for summer. I have grown lean unaccountably this term, but my spirits are good, and my eyes as well as I could expect. I went to see N. this morning. He is well and says he hopes to see some of you next commencement. So do I. I was glad to hear of something like an awakening at Greenfield.

Affectionately yours,

New-Haven, Aug. 6th, 1819.

Dear Sister Eliza,

I received Mary's letter yesterday, and now snatch a moment from the hurry which students always feel for a few weeks before examination, to answer it. The end of the term comes in rapidly. Our lessons are very long and hard. Translations come round often, and I have as much as I can do to get the lessons. I went to see Miss —— last evening, she sends a great deal of love to the family, and hopes to see Mama in the fall. You have as yet said nothing about coming to New-Haven at commencement. It is time to be making arrangements about it, if you are coming. I hope you will come. I hope you yourself Eliza, will come this season. For you know that it is the intention of Papa and Mama, that you should attend Mr. ——'s school, while I stay in College. And if you come here next fall, and

get acquainted with Mr. —— and Mrs.——'s families—and with your instructor—and see the beauties of this place, I am sure you would be willing and glad to attend school. You will have friends here, you will have a brother here, and you cannot fail of enjoying yourself. You will be much pleased with New-Haven. It is certainly a delightful place.

Yours, &c.

New-Haven, Aug. 31st, 1819.

Dear Mother,

I am confident that you are blaming me for neglecting to write to you. But you will cease to blame me when you know the reason. And now dear Mama, don't be scared when I tell you that I have been sick, as I usually am in the summer. The hot weather and fruit have combined to give me something of the dysentery. For three days I did not attend the College exercises. At length I applied to a physician, and by following his prescriptions, was soon cured. It left me excessively weak. As I was not confined to my room, no one knew how much I suffered. I am now rapidly gaining my strength.

Commencement is drawing nigh. I was sorry to learn by Mr. L. of New-York, (whom, by the way, I liked very much,) that it is doubtful whether you will be here at commencement. You

however are the best judges of what is best to be done. And if you cannot come to see me, why I must to see you. I anticipate much pleasure during vacation. A return to home,—after even a short absence; to the spot of our birth, the company of our friends, is one of the sweetest pleasures of life. Please to give my thanks to uncle H. for his very acceptable present of Washington's letters, and to cousin Joshua, for his few lines in your letter. I should write to them both were it not so near the end of the term.

Your dutiful son.

J. L.

New-Haven, Oct. 23d, 1819.

Dear Sister Sarah,

After a prosperous journey, I have safely landed at college, and attacked Horace, Euclid and Geography, with all possible vim. Miss ——— has not yet arrived. I unfortunately left Dr. W.'s certificate at home: and if you do not immediately send it to me, I shall be obliged to board in the hall. I left it in the card-rack, in the dining room.

One of my class-mates, Hart, of Stonington, died during the vacation.—A solemn memento to us who remain. How solemn is the thought, that yet a little while, and the band of young men collected here, will be wrapped in a senseless tomb. Adieu. Yours, &c.

New-Haven, Nov. 29th, 1819.

Dear Amelia,

Since I received the letter which contained the melancholy intelligence of the death of L. G.: I have been deterred from writing, by the sickness of my roommate. He is now however recovering.

Yesterday, being thanksgiving, I dined at Mr. ———'s. Had a delightful time, &c. &c. My mind naturally returns to the family circle at home. The blessing of social intercourse is one of the greatest we enjoy. I have received Eliza's letter, which I shall answer forthwith—I shall deliver the one enclosed this evening.

I believe the Faculty are determined to raise hob with my class. For, being Sophs,—we feel a little antic. Three of my class-mates are suspended. Several others have received warnings and admonitions. As for myself, I steer clear as yet. How long I shall I know not. Our next vacation is only a fortnight. Shall I come home, or stay here? Mr. A. spent some time at my room, and was very sociable. 'Tis prayer-time, and I must conclude.

Yours, affectionately.

New-Haven, Dec. 25th, 1819.

Dear Mother,

It is christmas; and the first respite from study which we have had for a long time. I gladly devote this holyday to answering the letters that I received by Uncle Horatio. He remained with me only a few moments, as the boat was just going out.

It is very natural that you, Mama, who have spent a considerable part of your life in the vicinity of college; and have had an opportunity to see the numerous temptations which are here offered to young men, should be deeply concerned for me. Although there is nothing in particular which I know of, except my naturally wild and ungovernable temper, which can make you suppose I am entering the paths of dissipation. In fact, if I were willing to sacrifice my own views for life, my own happiness, here, and hereafter, at the altar of vice, I never could consent to strike such a death-blow to the hopes of my Parents and Sisters. And I have, often, thought, that if I had been thrown into the world without affectionate friends; had I even been born in a family whose affections were more divided by numbers, and whose feelings were less interested for me; it would have been no difficult matter to seduce me from my duty. Since I have come to years of discretion, (if I may be allowed to use the words) I have been more easi-

ly drawn by kindness, than driven by threatening. For such is the stubbornness of my disposition, that—though I know it is a passion which ought to be overcome, and endeavour to conquer it accordingly; yet if I once get my Ebenezer raised, it is very difficult to get it down again. For this reason I have sedulously endeavoured to avoid all difficulty with the Faculty.

Your letter to ——— has received due attention. He is a very pleasant man, and treats me with great attention. I shall come home in the stage as you direct. Adieu till then.

Yours, &c. J. L.

P. S.

Dear Mary,

What say you to this dissertation? Is it long enough? 'Tis a long time since I began this letter, but time has galloped very fast with me, of late. Your letter, together with Papa's and the money, have just come to hand. Your apricot stones are packed up for transportation. Our vacation begins on the second Tuesday in January, or in other words, on the eleventh day of January. As it is good sleighing here, I hope to see Papa. Give my compliments to Amelia, and tell her I congratulate her, hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. I really feel a strong desire to see Greenfield, the new Church, &c. &c. I have got me a plaid cloak, and shall appear before you in all the dignity of Mr. ———.

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall."

New-Haven, Jan. 29th, 1820.

Dear Eliza,

I have arrived at length, safe and sound. I found excellent sleighing all the way between this, and Greenfield, and had a very pleasant journey. The City, Colleges and all stand exactly as I left them; excepting the chapel steeple, which was blown off by a violent gale. The same wind tore the railing from the church roof, and likewise did much damage in the harbour. Two vessels just loaded and ready to sail, now lie wrecked and shattered at the distance of several rods from the water, where they were driven by the violence of the wind and the tide, which was unusually high. A class mate of Joshua's was cast upon Long-Island in the storm, and almost perished with cold.

Give my respects, regards, or compliments, as you may think proper, to all my friends. Do not fail to write often, and give a particular account of each individual of the family. May you all live and flourish. And may another vacation soon come, when I can return to Greenfield. For, though this is a very pretty place, and I am in a very pleasant family, and am very well entertained with college, and my acquaintances here are very agreeable; yet when all are put together, they cannot hold a comparison to the fire-side at home.

Yours as usual.

Mr. Samuel Wells,

There is an inclination in me to converse, a while, with you; therefore I fill up the space by writing to you. I hope and presume that you are enjoying yourself by the side of the stove, in the office where you can read this at your leisure. The Supreme Court has been sitting here the last week, and a cause which has excited much interest, has been tried.

* * * * * * *

I have commenced an attack upon Geometry and Logarithms with great violence. For several days after the beginning of a term I always feel rather flat. My mind does not get engaged in study, but is continually recurring to the events of the past vacation. This feeling, however, soon wears off, and I become as volatile and talkative as when at home. When we look around us, we can scarcely find one person who is not wishing for something that he does not possess. Yet few would be happier or better if they should obtain the object of their desires. This thought occurred to me last evening, as I was moping over my fire, and wishing my eyes would allow me to peruse some interesting book. However, as I have often told Mary, let us look on the bright side of affairs.

Yours, &c.

J. L.

New-Haven, Feb. 20th, 1820.

My Dear Mother,

I am safely and pleasantly spending my time here: Not as your maternal fears suggested, in your dream, between the jaws of two voracious sharks; but between Mrs. D.'s and College—That is, between the acquisition of knowledge, and the enjoyment of social comforts, which providence, with a bounteous hand, has scattered around my path. When I look around the circle of my young acquaintances, I can, scarcely, find one as happy as myself. Some are griped by the iron hand of poverty. Others are orphans. Some have ruined their health by intense application, and find that literary distinction, for which they have bartered one of the most precious of blessings, escaping from their grasp, as a dream when one awaketh. Others, more to be pitied than these, have been too much indulged, have fallen into bad company, and are running the race of vice and dissipation; at full speed. But the kind care of the God of nature has saved me from want, has given me the best, the tenderest of friends, and has surrounded me with every blessing in which man can wish to revel.

If what I have often read and heard of the mutability of human things be true, this state of matters cannot last long. But it is best to be easy, and drift down the stream of time without

troubling ourselves about the breakers, which are coming ahead.

With regard to the marriage, I have only to say, do not wait for me to come home; and for this thing, and that and the other. Therefore, I entreat you to let my absence have no effect.

I send you a distinct account of my expenditures this term. Perhaps, you will think I have spent too much. I think so myself. But all I can offer on the subject, is a determination to do better for the time to come.

Your dutiful and affectionate son.

New-Haven, March 1st, 1820.

Dear Amelia,

It is a damp, foggy, unpleasant day; such an one as always unfits me for study. Therefore, if my ideas are rather more dull than usual, you must not be astonished. I have received but one letter from home, since your departure. No news was contained in it. I have called upon Mr. ———'s family but twice this term. For such is the pressure of our studies, that I can find but little time to devote to any thing else.

The sudden transition from the exercise and bustle of vacation, to the stillness and inactivity of a college life, had a very disagreeable effect upon my health. My old complaint, the headach, returned. My spirits began to loose their

usual elasticity, and I began to think I was getting into tribulation. But upon taking regular exercise, every day, and indulging myself with a few rides on horseback, I have, in a great degree, recovered. Say nothing of this, if you please, to the folks at home; for they have trouble enough, without worrying themselves about me.

The remarks which you made in your last epistle to me, are extremely just. I feel that I enjoy remarkable blessings. I could hardly wish my situation altered, in any one respect. I feel too, that to be ungrateful, would be a crime of no small magnitude. Next to the relation of man to his Creator, I know of none more sacred, than that of a child to a parent. From our parents we receive our education. By them, the seeds of virtue are sown in our hearts. By them we are protected through the helpless days of infancy, and through the more dangerous seasons of youth. The affection of other friends may die away. The love of others may grow cold. But the tenderness of a father, or a mother, will never, never die. How great then is the guilt of adding one pang to the heart of a parent? When the veil of the tomb is drawn over the form that gave us life, how torturing will be the recollection of every unkind word or look or action, by which we have grieved the kind heart, which will then be beyond the reach of our kindness. My dear Amelia, let us not murmur if a few bitter drops should be mingled with our pleasures, considering the cup of unmingled

bitterness, which many of our fellow heings have to drink. Were it not altogether impracticable, I should visit Bethlem during your stay there; but I cannot leave college. My paper begins to give warning to stop, so I conclude by wishing you a pleasant visit, and a happy return to Social Villa, where I hope I shall see you, next vacation—if I do not before.

Yours &c. J. L.

New-Haven, March 12th, 1820.

Dear Mother,

I have received your letter. Far from thinking you "too sober" on the subject of my expenses, I think you hardly severe enough. I thank you for your maternal advice, and promise you it shall not soon be forgotten. You know as well as I, the temptations which are presented to a young man at college. You know that, in the midst of gay companions, money will escape from his pocket, almost without his knowing it. Such has, sometimes, been the case with me. But I will endeavour, henceforth, to keep a tighter hand on my purse strings.

We have finished Trigonometry, and commenced mensuration. I have found Trigonometry quite easy. But the sums in Mensuration look rather threatening. New-Haven is almost one continued sheet of ice, for it has rained and frozen for several days. Remember me to all friends. Your affectionate son.

New-Haven, March 19th, 1820.

Dear Sister Sarah,

It was with heart-felt satisfaction that I heard of your union with S. W. Although it would have been pleasing to me to have been present at the nuptials, yet considering the situation of matters and things, and that in all probability no other time would be so convenient, I rejoice that the ceremony was solemnized. It is a question which is often discussed, whether the pleasure of imagination exceeds that of actual enjoyment. Now I am not certain, but that I enjoy as much pleasure in picturing to myself the busy scene of the marriage, as I should in being present at it. I can see the bustle in the kitchen—the preparation of eatables and drinkables—the bright and joyous faces of Mary and Eliza—and the blushing physiognomy of your ladyship—the anxious countenance of Mamma—and the right reverend appearance of Mr.——I can hear the ceremony "for better or for worse."—I can hear Papa bestow upon Samuel, his daughter—and I can hear the jokes which are cracked upon the bride and bridegroom. That your happiness may continue—that no cloud may arise to intercept the sunshine of your domestic felicity, is the most fervent wish of your brother. Remember me affectionately to Samuel. May the richest blessings of heaven rest upon you both. May you live long and happily; and prove to the world

that "whoso findeth a partner for life, findeth a good thing."

Our studies are very hard indeed. I can scarcely find time to eat drink or sleep. Adieu.

Yours &c.

New-Haven, March 19th, 1820.

Dear Mary,

I am in a mood for writing to-day, so I will answer your letter. Your spirits, if I may judge by your letter, are quite low. And, considering that you are alone, it is not to be wondered at. Would that I were at home to share your loneliness with you. Weakness of eyes, dear Mary, is a misfortune, of which those who have never felt it can form no adequate conception. Deeply, indeed, do I sympathize with you. I have often felt, in all its force, that sensation which you experienced, when you wrote the letter, which I now have before me. When the stillness of evening invites me to study—when I see the lamp trimmed and the book opened before me—when I behold others making use of these advantages, and outstripping me in the pursuit of literature—a gloom comes over my soul, like the shades of evening over the brightness of a landscape, casting a chill upon the joys of youth, and a deep shade of darkness over the before bright prospects of future life. And bitterly,

bitterly indeed, do I regret the folly, which reduced my eyes to such a state of weakness. To see science present her goblets foaming with knowledge, and be unable to taste them; to a proud soul that cannot bear to be excelled, oh! it is gall and wormwood. Perhaps you will be astonished to hear, that the weakness of my eyes has such an effect on me, who am generally so gay and thoughtless, and who appear as if I never thought seriously on any subject. But there is no lake, however serene and unruffled, that is not sometimes agitated by storms. And no being, however volatile, that has not his hours of melancholy. Nature had implanted in my breast a boundless ambition. And I nursed the serpent, till he stung me. My first and greatest desire has been, and is now, to become a distinguished literary character. But that desire, probably, can never be accomplished. Ambition, in itself, I despise. Yet such is the weakness of human nature, I cannot eradicate it from my bosom. I had resolved never to speak or write on this subject again. But there is a pleasure in opening the mind to a friend, who can reciprocate our feelings. I long for the time when I shall re-visit Greenfield. The young spring begins to lift up her head from the ruins of winter. Methinks her face would look doubly pleasant on the green fields and blue hills where I used to meet it. I shall write to Eliza and S. W. as soon as I can save time from this confounded Mensuration, which we are studying. But, "look on the bright side of it," quoth our friend Caleb.

Write soon and often. And, believe me, the perusal of your letters constitutes no small part of my happiness. Adieu.

Your own brother.

N. B. Shew my letters to no one, on pain of excommunication from the list of my correspondents.

To S. Wells, Esq.

New-Haven, April 11th, 1820.

Dear Broter,

Examination approaches. And you, who have passed over the same ground that I am now treading, know very well the hurry; and hurly-burly of this part of the term. It will soon be passed, however, and the pleasures of vacation will receive a keener zest from the trifling hardships of termtime. If it be true that there are no flowers in man's path, which are not furnished with a thorn; it is likewise true, that there are few thorns which are unprovided with a flower. And while I have a home so full of affection, and friends who love me with such undeserved, though not unrequited tenderness, I would not repine, though the path of science were ten times more difficult than it is. Besides, since my residence here, I have gained friends, who

though they cannot make New-Haven equally pleasant with my native village, can yet make my days glide happily away. From the solitary, and sometimes tedious, labours of the study —I can fly to the family with which I board, or to the domestic circle at Mr. S——'s, and taste again the pleasures of social intercourse, which none know how to prize save those who have been deprived of them.

You know the nature of most of the society in college. With my fellow students I can pass an hour or two pleasantly and sometimes profitably.

My acquaintance with college has impressed this truth, indelibly, on my mind ; that happiness is to be found, not in the company of the gay and thoughtless, not in the dance, the revel, the song and the jest ; but in the calm and quiet interchange of affection.

Your affectionate brother.

New Haven, April 21st, 1820.

Dear Mary,

The studies of this term, are at length over. Examination is close upon my heels, and all is busy preparation. I contemplate the approach of vacation with a greater degree of gladness than usual. I long to escape from the noise, the dust and smoke of the city, and from the dull

routine of college exercises, to breathe the pure air of my native hills, to rove about the woods and meadows of the country, and best of all, to enjoy the company of my friends.

How pleasant is a vacation at this season of the year? When spring is restoring the verdure to the fields; the songsters to the groves, and to the whole form of nature, her most beautiful apparel. When, in the words of Byron, we find

"Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
"Health on the gale; and freshness in the stream."

But I ought to have told you of Amelia's visit. Having obtained leave of abscence from college, I made a day's journey to Bethlem, and the region round about Housatonick, where I tarried, until my sister, who was then sojourning in Litchfield, could come unto Bethlem. Then I took up my departure, with Amelia, and came into the land of New-Haven, where she dwelt, until her kinsman came and took her back, even unto Bethlem. Her visit was edifying unto his little excellency; and her departure was verily grievous in the extreme. I shall return unto the land of my fathers with the damsel Amelia, and the boy William, on Friday the 5th of May, unless something extraordinary should befal. I send my regards, which thou mayest destribute as seemeth thee good, till the 5th of May.

Yours affectionately. J. L.

To Miss——.

Greenfield, May 16th, 1820.

Cousin——

It is a long time, since we have met,—yet to judge by your letters, you are no whit different from what you was when I saw you at——And I remain the same wild and wayward boy as ever. Therefore, encouraged by sister A. I have taken heart of grace, and commenced writing. Let my letter find favour in your eyes, for old acquaintance sake.

Since my visit to C, many changes have taken place in our family circle. Sarah has found a help meet—Amelia has had a long and tedious illness, and I have become a member of college, and am in a fair way to get through without much trouble, barring suspensions and expulsions, the apprehension of which is very grievous to my "kinsfolks according to the flesh." My situation at New-Haven is very pleasant. Nevertheless Greenfield is, to me, much more delightful. And I sometimes find stumbling blocks in the flowery path of knowledge, which are rather troublesome.

The "penury of body," which you noticed, no longer exists. I am in good case and flourishing; eating of the fat and drinking of the strong; —exercising all the functions, and performing all the duties of a student in vacation: Riding,

walking, shooting, fishing, waiting on the ladies, gardening, and engaged in other such useless and gentlemanlike employments. But this kind of life is too pleasant to be of long continuance. In less than a fortnight, I must return to college. "Variety is the spice of life." I am a great lover of spice: and am determined that my dish of existence shall not want for this ingredient. I might fill up this page with apologies for the mistakes in the two preceding; as is generally done by correspondents; but as I have no good apology, and do not like the trouble of making one, I will trust all to your generosity. Prithee, do not neglect to answer this letter. "Few and far between" are our comforts at Yale. And a cousinly letter from you would do much to cheer the "Sir Knight." Let me find a letter from you when I return to New-Haven.

J. L.

In the spring of 1820, he appeared unusually gay and thoughtless. Many circumstances conspired to induce this gaiety—and I believe it was very general in college, at the time. But soon after his return to New-Haven, he changed his course. Though of a lively make, and full of animation, he was not without consideration and principle. He ever relished serious and religious writings, and set a high estimate upon them, and upon sanctuary privileges. He was now, (and especially afterwards,) a more serious person

than he was generally believed to be. His personal appearance being that of a genteel, airy young man, the world supposed, of course, his character was no more than what they saw of it. It is thus, that the world, and not unfrequently, the sincere christian too, who has not much sagacity, judges of others from mere external appearances, and, while they are doing an individual an injury, they at the same time, are doing the cause of religion no good. Great allowance ought to be made for him, on account of the manner, in which he was brought up. Rarely, has a child come into life with so many of the blandishments of time and sense accompanying him—With so much to engage his affections below, and withhold them from heaven. Every thing was done to render earth an abode of delight to him. Those who best knew his private character, esteemed him the most, and are ready to testify to the excellency of it. Go to his roommate, and he will tell you; that in the privacy of his chamber, in his conduct and actions, his humanity and benevolence shone forth conspicuously—That his deeds were like those of the good Samaritan—I have seen the tear of sensibility glow in his eye, as he has looked upon a black boy, and with the voice of christian compassion, urged him to do his duty both towards God and man. Also, I have known him, after buying straw berries of a child, say it always makes me feel bad to see these poor little children, bringing round their berries for a subsistance. What if we were in such a forlorn situation? It makes me unhappy

to think of them, and I am determined for one —always to allow them good measure and pay them fully for it—It is in such trifling incidents as these that the real disposition and character may be traced, and some of the best qualities of the human mind be found. For, here it manifests itself, without restraint, and is the natural character of the man. Go for further evidence of the worth of his moral character, to his Father, and he will tell you, that after the age of early childhood he never manifested the least disposition to disobey him, and that from his cradle he seemed to have a very correct sense of right and wrong. During one of his vacations, and after one of his happiest moods, he wrote off and presented to one of his sisters these lines, as being a specimen of the plaintive melancholy kind of writing ; of which he was most fond.

" Why smiles creation in her loveliest robes,
" And I smile not ? ah, I can smile no more.
" The frost of sickness whitens on my cheek,
" And the dull eye is fettered in its grasp.
" Though swiftly now the nurturing juice ascends
" Along the vegetable pores ; yet round my heart
" Life's stream moves sluggishly on, or curdles there.
" And, soon that heart will cease to beat forever.
" The weak knee trembling and the nerveless arm
" The faint pulse fluttering, and the morning dream
" All point me to the tomb. Disease, though slow ;
" Strikes deep his talons in the struggling frame
" And erelong conquers. Once with eager eye
" I gazed upon the renovated fields
" And the blue, softly smiling heavens of May
" And felt a genial influence in my soul,
" As spring's mild breezes met my bosom—

"Alas! that eye is dull—and in the zephyr
"I tremble as the leaf—O then farewell
"Ye fields, ye charms of nature fare thee well!
"A season, I will hope again to greet you—
"Where unobstructed I may feast uncloy'd
"Forever with an holier purer eye.
"And thou, O world, from whom full many a pang
"And so few joys I've felt, why should I sigh
"As loosen the frail cords that bind me to thee?"

He was particularly fond of reading Klopstocks's Messiah, a work which a low and groveling mind cannot possibly relish.

He was peculiarly alive to the beauties of creation. Who that has ever rode or walked with him, but remembers the impassioned strains of pleasure, with which he was wont to note this or that object, which charmed him, and point out the various shades and degrees of their beauty?

His apparent gaiety, in the spring, drew from his friends considerable sensure, which hurt his feelings very much, as may be seen by his letters on the subject. For his was a heart, that always grieved when he considered he had done amiss, or pained his friends. And at New-Haven, it was observed, that he was not in his usual good spirits, and did not appear to enjoy himself. Probable, his mind was preparing for those convictions, that shortly ensued. Though it does not appear, at this time, that he sedulously sought "the pearl of great price," which (there is ground to believe) he afterwards obtained. For, being frequently pressed by the lady

with whom he had boarded to attended the religious meetings, and desisting from going to some of them, as she returned home from one herself, she observed to him, they had an excellent sermon, and she was sorry he was not there to hear it. Upon which he asked her, with his characteristic promptitude and vivacity, what was the text? was it "woman why troublest thou me?" But in a few weeks he assumed a very different tone of feeling and conversation; and experienced, as we believe, a real change of heart, through the rich and sovereign grace of God.

As he was, so soon to be removed from this world, and have his state of probation closed forever; we cannot forbear to admire and praise that mercy of God, which directed the sanctifying dews of divine grace to his heart, in the day of salvation; and illuminated his understanding, purified his affections, and directed them to their only proper object, thus fitting and preparing this amiable and lovely youth for the enjoyment of himself in eternity. It is thus, that our kind parent in heaven, mingles mercies with judgments, and teaches us, in the day of calamity and distress, to say, he is good.

New-Haven, June 4th, 1820.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" *dear sister Mary.*

How doth the family since I left it? New-Haven, I find, remains exactly as it was four weeks since; save that the right reverend elm-trees have brushed up their beautiful coats, and the lilacs and snow-balls have put on their gay livery to welcome back the students.

I can now play on my flute, without being requested to stop, or take the pigeon-wing without disturbing any one. As to playing on the flute, however, I fear my fluting days are over; for either by playing too much, or by some other cause, my breast has become so weak that I cannot play a tune without pain. Well knowing the value of strong lungs, I have laid the flute aside, since my return.

We are engaged in studying navigation, with the mensuration of heights and distances, with which I am well pleased. Yesterday afternoon, I spent in endeavouring to make a quadrant; and though I was unable to bring the instrument to any degree of mathematical correctness, yet I so far succeeded as to make a quadrant by which I could illustrate the method of measurement. In our lesson, yesterday, we had a sum, in which the diameter of the moon was required. Thus it is that man advances in knowledge. From the spelling-book, and the rules of simple addition and subtraction, he proceeds till his mind can grasp in its extensive range other worlds, and oth-

er systems—till he can point his instruments of calculation at the skies, and tell with certainty the distance, the size, and the weight of the heavenly bodies. We now rise at five in the morning; which, though somewhat disagreeable to my laziness, is very beneficial to my health. It prevents the headach; gives me a degree of life and animation, which I never possess when I indulge in sleep till late in the morning; and enables me to study with much more pleasure and profit.

New-Haven never looks more beautiful than at this season. The trees (of which you know there is a great abundance) are covered with thick foliage. The green and college-yard are spread with the most beautiful of all carpets. And the whole scene reminds me of our favorite Mephibosheth. Few persons, in this world, are so delightfully situated as the students of Yale College. And I am sometimes alarmed at the idea of leaving it, when two more years shall have passed away. Yet so it is. If I live till next commencement, I shall be a Junior. My college course will then be half finished. And if the two remaining years pass away as rapidly as the preceding have, I shall be out of College before I think of it.

Yours, &c.

J. L.

New-Haven, June 24th, 1820.

Dear Father,

The present is indeed an important period to me, and I doubt not, that my character in life depends, in a great degree, on my conduct at present. Situated, as I am, in the midst of distinguished literary advantages, and with the strongest possible motives urging me to action, I should be highly criminal, if I did not exert myself. When I entered College, I was inferior to the majority of my class, particularly in mathematics; and in this branch I have met with many difficulties. I have, however, overcome them, in a great degree, and find them growing less and less the further I advance. If my health and eyes continue to be good, I trust that your expectations will not be altogether disappointed.

Although the Faculty of college take every possible method to preserve good order and good morals, yet it is a fact that the morals of the college are wretchedly corrupt. In order to stop this tide of dissipation, an Economical Society was, last week, formed. It is called the Lycurgan Society, and consists of 186 members. If properly conducted, I think it will be very useful. The oration which was delivered at its formation is now in the press. I intend to send it to you soon.

Your dutiful son.

New-Haven, July 20th, 1820.

Dear Mother,

I fear you will think me very much to blame, for neglecting to answer the letters which I receive from home. But the pressure of my studies has been so heavy, that every moment of time has been employed. Do not think, therefore, that I have forgotten my friends, because I have neglected to write to them. The subject on which you spoke, in your last letter, has given me but little uneasiness; because, long before I received your letter, my line of conduct was determined. I was sensible, as well as yourself, that my expenditures had been by far too great. And I had resolved to adopt new measures this term. I have done so. I have observed, with pain, that you think me insensible to the thousand kindnesses which I daily receive from my friends. It would be useless to assure you that you are mistaken; but the time may come, I doubt not the time will come, when my actions, and not my words, shall prove it. You should not suppose that I am never serious because when at home I generally appear thoughtless. In the solitude of my study I have spent many hours of reflection. I have called up my past life in review before me; and have resolved to avoid those errors which defaced it. And I feel that those reflections and those resolutions are of great advantage. For, (though they may again be broken,) they bind me closer

to the path of duty. But enough of this. Adieu, my dear mother, and rest assured that your son, whatever may be his faults and follies, will endeavour, by all means in his power, to repay the kindness, affection, and anxiety which you have lavished upon him. My respects to uncle H. Remember me affectionately to the girls; also to S. W. Give my love to W. and tell him, I hope his improvement will be proportionate to his mother's anxiety. I remain,

your dutiful child.

To his Roommate.

New-Haven, Aug. 3rd, 1820.

How are you L. I hope you live and flourish. And to judge by your letter, you are in a good state. The girls, I perceive, claim a good share of your attention. And I rejoice at it. For, what is there in vacation so pleasant as to chat with a pretty lass? what will restore a fellows' health and animate his spirits like the presence of a pretty girl, particularly, if he happen to have a little 'peculiar' kindness for her? May you advance in the road you have entered, and find it as pleasant at the end as at the beginning. As for me, I have plodded through Conics with better success than I expected. We recite to Professor —— every Thursday afternoon. The lessons have been much easier than I expected.

The term is fast drawing to a close; and I look forward, with glad anticipation, to its end. Then will I fling Conics and Spherics to the winds, and seek amusement and pleasure among the blue hills and soft vallies of my native Massachusetts. Indeed, I envy your happiness. We are shut up in the dull walls of college, condemned to toil over dry mathematics, and attend three tedious recitations a day. You are as free as the mountain wind; riding and walking withersoever thou wilt. But vacation has almost come; that is one consolation to me. I can write no longer. Studies are harder than thunder. We have got into Spherics. It is very sickly in college—particularly about five in the morning. Many fellows have gone off on account of ill health. But I will stand by till the end of the term.

Yours, &c.

J. L.

New-Haven, Aug. 4th, 1820.

Dear Sister Amelia,

The still repose of a Sabbath morning has something in it that irresistably invites the mind to reflection. And as I look out from my window upon the verdant green, and the waving trees, and hear the deep tolling of the bells, my thoughts fly back to the times when I used, on the same morning, to look out from the windows of our

house at Greenfield, on the same kind of scenery. The same stillness reigned there. The same solemn summons of the bell was heard there. These are things which time does not alter. But the time which has elapsed since I commenced my studies, has not passed as lightly over my character. Many and new feelings have come with my advancing years. I have begun to look around and consider what I must become when I leave my studies. And the more I think upon this subject, the more I am bewildered. My entrance into Junior year is a time peculiarly calculated to give rise to reflections on this subject. Hitherto my life has been, in a great degree, directed by my friends and instructors. But I am now called upon every day to act for myself. The levity which was pardonable in the boy, must be laid aside as he approaches manhood. And I must, in the two coming years, form a character which must go with me through life. With the innumerable advantages which I possess, I hope it may be such an one as will repay to my friends the expense, the trouble, and the anxiety which my education has cost them. And I cannot help wishing that the path in which I am to move, after my college life is completed, were marked out. But I will not weary you by pursuing this subject further. The term is rapidly drawing to a close. I rejoice in the prospect of vacation. Our studies have been and still continue to be very difficult, but my health has enabled me to meet them without fear. I believe I have not mentioned that L. has gone home on account of his health. I have

been alone for a great part of the time, and have never studied with better success.

Yours affectionately,

J. L.

New-Haven, Aug. 7th, 1820.

Dear Sister Eliza,

The letter which I lately received from you, gave me real pleasure. Not only because it was a letter from a dear sister, but because it bore marks of great improvement, both in the penmanship and in the spelling. You and I are the youngest children of the family, and we enjoy greater advantages than our sisters did. We shall, then, be greatly to blame if we neglect them. Diligence will easily remove all difficulties. By using that, we shall make ourselves agreeable to our parents, our sisters, and each other. By neglecting to use it, we shall disturb their happiness and our own. Believe me, Eliza, the consciousness of having given one pang to a parent, or sister, or brother, is bitter beyond expression. I look forward, with pleasure, to the time when, by your industry, you will be qualified to enter Mr. H's school. And, if you improve in other things as rapidly as in letter-writing, that time will soon come. The great charm in any person, but most of all in a lady, is a good disposition. By nature, you possess this. And it should be your constant care to retain it. You are not, like me, exposed to the temptations of a busy and

dissipated world, where the moral feelings are in danger of being corrupted; but you are, (as every other young lady is,) exposed to the trials of temper, and in danger of losing that sweetness of disposition, which gives such a grace to female excellence. Let me hear from my friends soon.

Your brother and friend.

New-Haven, Aug. 27, 1820.

Dear Father,

You have, perhaps, heard of the revival of religion in College. It is a solemn and interesting scene, such as I never before witnessed. Within a few weeks, the appearance of College has totally changed. Very many are seriously impressed. Many of the most thoughtless are now anxious and enquiring. There is a solemn silence and attention among the students, which I cannot describe. It is evident that the Lord is, indeed, in this place. I cannot look upon a scene like that which is passing before me, without emotion. I cannot see those who have been my companions in folly, rejoicing in the belief that they have become christians, without wishing that I too may be one of the number. I have resolved to undertake this great business with earnestness, and to persevere until I have secured an inheritance in the Christian's better country. I have attended all the meetings, and have conver-

sed with several pious fellow students, but still I am not satisfied. And I fear this term will pass away without any change in my character. There is no certainty that the revival will recommence at the beginning of next term. Therefore, I may consider the two weeks between this time and commencement, as the most important period of my life. I have often thought on the subject of religion, and resolved to attend to it seriously ; but "the more convenient season" has presented itself to my mind, and my serious impressions have worn away. I have always believed the great truths which I have read from the Bible, and heard from the pulpit : such as, that men are by nature depraved, and would be lost, but for the interposition of a Redeemer ; and that a radical change in the heart is necessary before the blessings purchased by him can be received. But it has been the belief of the reason and not of the heart. And I find that it avails me nothing. I cannot feel that deep and distressing conviction of sin, and that broken and contrite heart, which are felt by the true penitent. Every day some one around me is brought to rejoice in the Saviour, and I remain the same. Since the commencement of this letter, Prof. —— has conversed with me, and convinced me that nothing is wanting but my own will. I have found the case very different from what I expected. I had supposed that when I had begun in earnest to seek the kingdom of God, all difficulties would vanish. If I know my own heart, its first desire is to obtain an interest in Christ. Yet

I meet with obstacles at every step. And I am still in doubt and darkness. There is an obstinacy in my heart, which I did nor expect to find. I know not what to think of my own situation. Others are convicted and converted. Others have distressing views of their guilt, and give evidence of genuine repentance, but I do not. I fear that this day of grace will pass by without being of any use to me ; that I shall wonder and perish. If it be possible do not fail to write immediately. I see nothing but a gloomy prospect before me. I do not obtain that repentance, which is not to be repented of, and I tremble lest I should never find it. Your paternal assistance can never be more necessary than at present. And you, my dear mother and sisters, do not cease to intercede for your son and brother, at the throne of grace, that this precious season may not be ineffectual to him ; that the Spirit may not cease to strive with him, till he is brought into the fold of the Lamb.

New-Haven, Sept. 1st, 1820.

My Dear Friends,

You have often rejoiced at my temporal prosperity—now come and rejoice over the welfare of my soul. For I rejoice, (yet with trembling,) in the hope that my Saviour has brought me from

death unto life. I feel within me a new principle, and strength in the Lord to persevere. Yet when I reflect on my present life, how I have hated instruction and despised reproof, and on the comparative coldness of my present feelings; how little hatred I have for sin, considering its loathsome nature; and how weak my love to God is, I tremble lest I am deceived, and have not undergone that change of heart, which is necessary to salvation. And there have been seasons of darkness, when I have been tempted to despair; but I now consider such thoughts as the temptations of the adversary. If the foundation of my hope is not sound, I must persevere till it is better. I am resolved to "look not behind me, neither stay in all the plain." He, that cometh to me, I will, in no wise cast out, is the language of the Redeemer: I will cherish the hope, that he will not cast me out. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I do firmly trust, that he will not suffer me to be eventually deceived—The scene which is passing in this city is most truly interesting and affecting. Every day, some instances of hopeful conversion occur. Sinners are flocking in clouds to the Saviour. The meetings are crowded, to such a degree, that hundreds go away from the conference rooms, not being able to get in.—And in college, the Almighty is working with a mighty arm. The voice of musick and of revelry has ceased; and no sound is heard, but the voice of supplication or thanksgiving. Even my thoughtless friend —— is smarting under the ar-

rows of conviction; and we, who have been together on ten thousand errands of folly, now take "sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company." O how long have I been starving on the husks which this world affords, and neglected this bread of heaven. I cannot believe that the joy I have felt since, as I trust, I submitted myself to the Savior, can be given or taken away by the world. No—I trust he will receive me, and in his strength, I do devote myself to him forever, to be a diligent laborer in the vineyard where I have been so long a cumberer of the ground. I am anxious to see you all. Methinks the circle of my affections is enlarged, that my friends are dearer to me than ever. I feel under great obligations to my pious friends here. They have done every thing for me. But the conversations which I have had with Mr. T. have I think, been the most beneficial. From the moment, when he had persuaded me to give myself up to the Savior, to trust in him alone and to devote myself to his service in this life; I have felt as if eased of a burden, and have felt more and more determined to persist in seeking the salvation of my soul, and more and more confident of success.

Mr. N. (whom Mary and Amelia will probably recollect,) is here.—If my life is continued, I think I shall enjoy the coming vacation far better than ever before. And now adieu. I wait with impatience to see you, and yet I shall leave this place with reluctance, while this great work of grace continues. Come, as soon as possible.

for the scenes, which are passing here, would gladden your hearts. Once more adieu.

Yours affectionately,

J. L.

From these two last letters, it may be seen, how deep were his serious impressions, and how sincerely he became devoted to the only living and true God. At the commencement of this revival of religion in Yale College, he had occasion to have company one evening at his room. And being questioned as to what his parents would think, if they knew that at such a time as the present he was thus engaged? He replied, he should not do so any more—it was the last time. And the morning after he came to breakfast with a distressed countenance, looking as if he had been weeping all night—scarcely spoke during the meal, and went to his room to reflect and compose himself. From this hour his apparent distress of mind increased, until it was thought proper to send for the Rev. Mr. T——, to converse with him—as he desired it. This seemed to give him some relief. But he gave up study entirely for a few days, and continued to be dejected. One day he inquired of the lady with whom he boarded, if Doddridge's Rise and Progress was in the house? It was given him, together with a number of the Guardian—that contained an address from a father to a son. This had before been selected and presented to him,

when he said he would read it, at his leisure, but which he now took, and read through without delay—saying he liked it very much, and should be pleased to take some more of the numbers and read them. At length, the cloud on his brow disappeared, his distress of mind seemed to be removed, and the love of God to be shed abroad in his heart. His different appearance was noticed by Mrs. ——, and learning from his general conversation, (in which he discovered a more lively interest in the things of religion than ever,) that it did not arise from shaking off his convictions ; or proceed from a growing indifference to its cause ; she took an opportunity of conversing with him upon it. In answer to her queries, he said, Mrs. ——, I am glad you have asked me, I wanted to tell you, and yet did not like to speak first upon what I feared, in me, was presumption to indulge. But now I must speak—Yes, I think I have obtained an interest in Jesus Christ, a hope in his salvation—I believe I have experienced a change of heart. And I now thank you for the interest you have heretofore manifested in my spiritual welfare—and I ask your forgiveness for taking, so lightly, the serious things you have said to me. The whole scene, she told me, was a very affecting and interesting one—he appeared so penitent and humble. In this happy frame he continued, until his mother and sister came to New-Haven, not knowing that he was a subject of the awakening, as they left home before his letter reached there. Instantly they remarked upon the different aspect he wore. His

playful vivacity was exchanged for an air of thought and gravity ; and his customary mirth for seriousness. His mind seemed to be remarkably solemn. It was natural for him to laugh very easily ; and to seize on every little incident to indulge his wit and humour—but now he seldom smiled—though perfectly calm, cheerful, and serene. It became evident that he had, indeed, been with Jesus ; and had been made to drink into his spirit—that he had undergone, in reality, that great change of heart, which, in the Bible, is mentioned, as being born again—His sister observed to him, Jonathan, there appears to be an alteration in your views and feelings. He said, yes, there is a great alteration—but I don't know how long it will last. I fear it arises from sympathy, for there are many of my associates just so, in college. I am afraid it will wear off, particularly because I have not had so long or distressing convictions of sin, as some others around me.—But you believe yourself to be a sinner ?—O yes, a very great one. Sin appears to me in a very different light from what it ever before did. At first, I was unwilling to give up the pleasures of this life, in which I had indulged—but now they appear as nothing to me, I am willing to give up all for Christ. I am apprehensive of being deceived—it is such a peculiarly interesting time here, that one cannot avoid being affected, I cannot help feeling now—how could it be otherwise, when I see so many awakened ? And, indeed, the preaching, I hear, is quite enough to arouse the most stupid and hard-

ened sinner to some sense of his condition of duty. O, if you were to hear it, you would wonder that I am not more alive and active in this good cause.

Never was he so interesting to his family, as in the following vacation. For though he was ever very moral and highly pleasing, yet, we could not but look upon him, as lacking the one "thing needful." And when this came to be added to his other endowments, it rendered him all his friends could wish, and gave them great and unspeakable joy. His parents, advanced in years, were ready to exclaim, now Lord let thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen thy salvation. He was so decidedly pious, so fixed in his purpose of studying divinity, and so firm with regard to devoting his life to the promotion of religion; that we could not forbear cherishing the hope, that he would be, extensively, useful in preaching the gospel.

In October, he was sent back to New-Haven for his sister; who remained there, on account of the sickness of one at home; who was dangerously ill with the typhus fever. He arrived there, on Sunday morning, in a violent rain. And never, perhaps, was his faith and patience more strikingly manifested; never was his strength of mind, and worth of character more evident, than in this time of trial. He communicated his painful message in the most prudent and careful manner. Did all he could, through the journey homewards, to sooth the sorrow this intelligence had given his sister. Expatiated, in

the most rational and pious manner—upon the folly of giving away to our feelings; when we had better be employed in summoning up our fortitude, and arming ourselves for the struggles through which we must pass. Never can the language of submission,—fortitude,—and christianity,—which flowed from his lips, enforced by all the tenderness of a brother, be forgotten. He had, even now, begun to unfold the blessings and the consolations of the gospel of peace. At New-Haven, he said he had little, if any expectation of finding Eliza alive, at his return to Greenfield; and yet he was perfectly calm and resigned as to the event. On the passage home, he sang, in a most feeling tone,

"The Autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.———"

Or else hum'd his favorite lines from Campbell—

"Oh once the harp of Innis fail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness" &c.

And as they came nearer in view of home, he repeated with much emphasis,

"If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!"

These lines are inserted as they now apply to his own lamented fate, and were almost prophetic of it. His sister he found unexpectedly better, her fever had taken a favourable turn; so that he was able to rejoin his class at the beginning of the next term, which he felt very desirous of doing. The night before he left home, (as he expected to go away early in the morning,)—he sat up until twelve o'clock, talking with his sisters upon his future course in life. Said he, I never had any idea of being a physician; the law I never liked, and I knew I was not fit for the ministry. But now, I hope I am. I can now engage in it with all my heart, and I anticipate, with much pleasure, the time when I shall embark in this glorious enterprize. I intend to preach the gospel—to call on sinners to return to Him from whom they have revolted,—to implore them to obey his abused law and slighted gospel. This is a work which suits the immortal mind,—this is employment for the mental powers, which satisfies them. I, not only, wish to be a minister—but a missionary. I have, always wished to visit foreign countries. This line of life, will give me an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity and thirst for traveling; at the same time of being useful in performing my duty, and instructing my fellow mortals in that knowledge, which benefits the soul. Also, I feel extremely desirous of spending some time among the Indian tribes of my native country. You know my partiality and enthusiastic fondness for the race. Once get them enlisted under the

banners of the cross, and they will make good soldiers of Christ. As soon, as my education is completed, I should like to offer myself to the Board of Foreign Missions. One of his sisters objected to it, but he said his heart was set upon it. And I can never content myself to settle down at my ease in a small parish,—limiting my exertions to a little surrounding neighborhood—If you meet with no interruption in obtaining the finished education,—our parents intend you shall have, you may surely obtain a large society.—My talents will not procure me a place in large cities, neither should I want to settle in one, for I dislike the noise, dissipation, and habits of them too much to enjoy a residence in such a situation. Besides, I wish to be extensively useful. You don't seem to understand my leading motive. There are many who are willing to take the charge of churches and flocks in this land; who would shrink from leaving it for a distant shore, and enduring the privations of the devoted missionary. While comparatively few are willing to go into this extensive and uncultivated field, I am not only willing—but desirous of going; and who among my friends will tell me it is not my duty to go? Yes, I will go. It seems to be my peculiar province. It will agree with my constitution and health, which are not fitted for a sedentary life; and are always injured by it. Moreover, as St. Paul says, I would not build on another man's foundation. I wish to carry the Gospel where it has not been; to proclaim the glad news of salvation to ears that

have never heard it; to preach Jesus Christ and him Crucified to those who have never known of a Savior's love and mercy, nor ever heard the name of Jesus. In short, my object is to turn the heathen from dumb idols, to the living God. His ardour upon this subject can hardly be described. His voice, his looks, and gestures, all betokened the interest he felt; the engagedness of his whole soul—"The flower of youth never looks more beautiful, than when it bends towards the sun of righteousness." When reminded of the hardships missionaries had to indure; he said, I have considered them, though I suppose we can have but a faint idea of the many difficulties they have to encounter, and the sufferings they are called to endure, in order to gain the ear of the heathen: and perhaps, after all, without any apparent success. But ought this to deter me? How did the Saviour suffer for us? It is somebody's duty to go to them, why not my own? In this grand and benevolent cause somebody must suffer, why not me? But you will be exposed to death, far from home and upon an inhospitable shore. I know it; but said he (with much warmth of expression, and the confidence of faith,) what of that? We are all to die some time or other; and if a man is but in the way of duty, I know not why he may not as securely die upon the burning sands of Arabia, as in his Father's house. His sisters well knowing his determined character, and that where his judgment was once made up, he could not easily be shaken from it, wept at the idea of distant

lands separating them from their brother. Alas! little did they think, that the grave was, so soon, to form a separation. Little, indeed, did they imagine, that the fair form, which stood before them in all its manly beauty; and the face, which was crimsoned with the glow of youthful enthusiasm and christian philanthropy, were so soon to be consigned to their mother earth! But why may not the soul, which beamed with the intense spirit of a martyr, while confined to its body, still be employed in yonder blissful regions on errands of salvation? Perhaps, even now, he is the bearer of messages of love to his former abode of earth. Thus fulfilling the desire so ardent of becoming a messenger of salvation to guilty man. But, "what we know not now, we shall know, hereafter."

New-Haven, Nov. 6th, 1820.

My Dear Mary,

It may seem impossible to you that I, who am so idle at home, should be too busy here even to write to my friends. But such is the fact. We, Juniors, have been kept as busy as busy bees, thus far. But I hope for easier times soon. I might give you a long account of my journey hither, if I had time—how we were detained in N. Hampton by the cattle show; how, after that, we got into a hole in the meadows, and staid there

about an hour; how we got into Hartford at eleven o'clock, and could find no lodgings. But these particulars I must reserve for the fireside, in January. Since my return a destructive fire has laid waste a great part of the wharf. The spiritual state of this city and this literary institution is lamentably different from what it was last term. The sickness of Mr. T. and the absence of Mr. N. have, to some extent, left this flock without a shepherd. I was anxious about Eliza till I received your letter. As soon as she is able to write, I shall expect the honour of a letter from her. I shall resume my quill as soon as possible. And though I do not very often write to Greenfield, yet the "Eternal spirit of the chainless mind," is often there. Write soon. Adieu.

J. L.

New-Haven, Nov. 17th, 1820.

Dear Eliza,

"The winter has come with his cold, chilling breath," and this city is enveloped in one wide-spread robe of snow. As I sit down before my large, roaring fire, and cross my feet over the fire place; while the winds roar around, and the hail rattles against the windows; I cannot help reflecting on the goodness of that Being who has provided for me a shelter and a home; while others,

far more worthy than myself, are destitute of both. I hope that Papa is not away from home this stormy weather, and that all the family are snugly collected round the fireside. I need not tell you, dear Eliza, that I am glad to hear by both Mary's letters, that you are rapidly recovering. I hope when I visit home again to see you as well as ever. Sickness speaks to us in a loud and forcible language, telling us to prepare for the last sickness, which must come sooner or later.

The revival is, I hope, recommencing in college; and when I write again, I hope I shall be able to tell you that the glorious days of last term have returned. I often think that I have been deceiving myself on this momentous subject; and am no better than I ever was. But the suspicion ought only to excite me to greater energy in a life of virtue, and in searching till I do find.

I find rising at six o'clock, this cold weather, somewhat uncomfortable; but we can't expect perfection. Our studies are pleasant enough. Prof. ——'s lectures are quite interesting; and if I do not blow myself up in trying experiments, I shall find Chemistry a very pleasant study. But "pax vobiscum." I must go to recitation.

Yours &c.

New-Haven, Nov. 23rd, 1820.

Dearest Mother,

I was about to write to papa this week, as I wish for his counsel on one or two subjects of moment; but since he is not at home, and I have received a letter from you, I will direct this to you instead of him. The advice of my parents is indeed one of the greatest blessings which I enjoy. Without it, I should long ere this have been deeply plunged in guilt. Their instructions cannot be long forgotten, though they may sometimes be transgressed. Dear mother, your caution deserves my warmest thanks, and I trust it will not fail of being duly observed. Many a good steed can be gently led where the best horseman cannot ride him. The cloud that hung over this institution at the beginning of the term is reappearing; and I trust the song of Zion will be heard in this place, louder and longer than ever before.....I wish for the advice of papa and yourself, with regard to making a public profession of religion. It is a step of tremendous importance. I had better remain out of the visible church all my life, than enter it and become one of those who "eat and drink damnation to themselves."

The danger you mention has given me much uneasiness.* But should the worst happen, He

* Alluding to the ill health of one of the family.

who inflicts the blow will give us strength to sustain it. Do not fail to write often.

J. L.

To Mr. ———

New-Haven, Nov. 24th, 1820.

Dear Friend,

Believe me, you act unjustly in judging all Calvinists by one person. Examine the doctrine, not its professors. It is a subject which you and I ought to investigate with candour and reliance on divine assistance. If our minds are open to conviction, I doubt not, we shall both arrive at the truth. My letters from Greenfield state that Eliza is rapidly recovering—the anxiety seems to be on ———'s account. I should not be surprised if I should soon be called home. But "hope for the best" is my principle. There are troubles enough in this world without troubling our heads about future disasters.

Miss —— is as bright, and blooming, and intelligent as ever. You really under value the woman kind. Nobody despises more than I do that little frivolous animal, the belle; but then, a girl of sense and polished manners, an open heart and amiable disposition, and above all, a delicate and modest girl, is worth the money. I would give more for one hour's society of such a

being, than for all the dead languages, mathematics, philosophy, chemistry and metaphysics, put together. Write soon—your letters will ever be acceptable. Yours, &c.

J. L.

New-Haven, Nov. 27th, 1820.

Dear Amelia,

I am sorry to intrude my troubles on the good folks at home, but I cannot help it. My old complaint, weak eyes, has returned with an emphasis. The effort even of this writing is extremely painful. Don't be surprised, therefore, if I come home. If my eyes do not get better, I shall come next week. I can write no longer.

Yours, affectionately,

J. L.

As his eyes did not get any better, he acordingly came home. And was quite unwell with a cold and something of a cough, by being out the night of the great fire in New-Haven ; and which, probably, served more than any thing else to reduce his eyes. They were extremely weak and painful; so much so, that looking upon a page in a book would, in a moment, fill them with water. And he would often speak in a deep

tone of despondency of them—mentioning the distress which for several years they had occasioned him—how they had continually hindered and perplexed him in his collegiate course, and that he had no expectation but they would, always, trouble him through life—and repeated that he should never be able to study much more with them. This, undoubtedly, had a great effect upon his health and spirits. That restlessness and anxiety which are the constant attendants of the mind when interrupted or disappointed in its favorite pursuit, is ever injurious to the health and productive of bad consequences; especially, where there is a propensity to activity and industry, as was the case with my brother. Nothing was so irksome to him as a lazy hour—he never could enjoy it—he always wanted something to do. He was never idle—some occupation he would find. He now felt that he was stopt short in his literary career—that he was cut off from his darling pursuit of science, and was without employment, and it weighed heavily on his young aspiring mind, and rendered him rather dejected. Oftentimes, however, he appeared with his wonted elasticity of spirit. When sitting round the fireside, in the winter evenings, with the family, all his care and gloom were banished, (to return immediately when left alone,) and he appeared with the ready humour and cheerfulness which were more natural to him. He was a very endearing companion, for he could render himself more agreeable in conversation than any one I ever knew. In company, he was unobtrusive,

but in the bosom of the domestic circle and among his intimate friends he was full of life and animation. From his peculiar talent at conversation I could not help thinking that he would make a fine extemporaneous preacher. He used to say, if he ever got into the desk he should preach without notes.

At this time he seemed to view the world in its true light. His frequent remarks upon the vicissitudes and trials of mortal life, bespoke his realizing sense of its nature. And he appeared to draw from it a motive to lead him to prepare for the enjoyment of another and better state. Indeed, he observed one day to a sister, there is so much evil in this life, I see so much trouble of one kind or of another, that it almost makes me willing to die and leave it. The delicacy of his mind seemed to increase with his years. And, with the mimosa, it shrank at every touch—unlike the generality of mankind, who, by commerce with the world and advancement in life, lose much of their pristine sensibility of heart. But my brother's redoubled as he came forward on the theatre of life. And had he lived longer in this degenerate world, I doubt not but that the refinement and purity he possessed so largely, would have been the avenues to much suffering.

He would sometimes walk the room and sing these beautiful lines.

"Happy soul! thy days are ended,
"All thy mourning days below,
"Go, by angel guards attended,
"To the seat of Jesus go."

Or take his seat at the piano and play some plaintive air. For he had a fine taste for music, and played on several musical instruments, of which the flute was his favorite.

He frequently spoke of religion as the benign power to which we must resort under all the trials of life, sure of finding from it comfort and support; but added, I find it more easy to talk to others of this than to conform to it myself.—And how important, how happy would it be for us, if in every occurrence we were to regulate ourselves according to the dictates of christianity.

Notwithstanding the depressed state of his feelings, he could write to his roommate with his original frankness and playfulness. For this friend he had the most lively and sincere regard and friendship. They had fitted for college together, and after being admitted members of the same class in Yale, they had roomed together. Between them there existed a common bond of union, and that candour and familiarity which led them to write just as they would talk to each other.

To his Roommate.

Greenfield, Dec. 12th, 1820.

Friend L.

Your most obedient. Health, and prosperity, and abundance of your favorite study, mathematics—a good fire, plenty of eatables and drinkables, and good luck in that delightful place, denominated, the recitation-room, are the greatest blessings I can wish you at present. I am very comfortably seated before a large fire, with a flute, flageolet, and piano beside me; plenty of apples in the closet close by; beer, cider and other delectable comforts at hand; a good library, and sisters to read to me withall. You must suppose, from my remarkably active disposition, that I rise extremely early; I am also in the habit of eating breakfast, notwithstanding the low opinion you have been accustomed to entertain of my eating faculties. Then I ride, then I skate and break my head on the ice, by way of variety; but you can't expect perfection. And the girls too, I find have increased and multiplied amazingly this winter, so that there are quite a number of respectable, blue-eyed, and black-eyed, laughing, grinning damsels, roving about to my great satisfaction, as I am fond of looking at all beautiful objects—beautiful pictures—beautiful landscapes—beautiful horses and carriages—beautiful experiments in the laboratory

or philosophical chamber—beautiful demonstrations—beautiful buildings—beautiful girls—for to my weak eye, no building is so elegant as a handsome, well-built edifice, except a lass, neatly put together from the ridge-pole to the sill. On the whole, I enjoy myself pretty well. Remember me to all my friends.

Yours, &c.

J. L.

Greenfield, Jan. 19th 1821.

Friend L.

I have just received your letter, and know not whether to condole and sympathize with you under your misfortunes, or to give you a sound scolding. But as the latter process would bring myself into condemnation, I shall omit it for the present. I am glad to see that you keep up your spirits under your troubles, but I charge you, once for all, to give up the idea of leaving college. You know that the studies of the latter part of junior year, and of all senior year, are extremely easy, requiring, comparatively, very little eye-sight; therefore, don't give up the ship, but stick to it to the last. I am an aunt—I should say uncle—so I have arrived to the high dignity of uncle Jon. Honors are extremely thick in my path. I will call this my oration, if you please, and do not see why it will not answer

the same, or quite as good a purpose. As for myself, my body is in a tolerable good condition, my eyes are no better than when I left New-Haven, but I am not without hopes that, in process of time, they will so far recover as to permit me to return to college. I am obliged, as you see, to write by means of a corresponding secretary, so be careful what you put in your epistles. Among the many advantages which I have lost by leaving college, there are none which I value more highly than those afforded by the Linonian Society. I have taken much solid comfort and, I may flatter myself, much solid advantage in its meetings. Mr. S——'s and Mr. F——'s lectures also, I prized very highly. I feel myself growing rather solemn here, having nothing to do, or, to use the words of the poet,

"Although my body lacks physician,
"My spirit is in worse condition."

But you can't expect perfection, as I have heard you remark. So I will wait patiently, like the clown in Horace, for the river to run by. It is impossible, or rather inconvenient, for me to visit W. at present; so tackle up forthwith, I entreat you, and come to this part of the country; I will engage to find amusements, of some kind or other, for you. I assure you that your presence would tend, not a little, to quicken the pace of old Time, who has walked rather lazily since my return. But if you can't come yourself send

me a letter. I have the honour to subscribe myself, your most obedient, blind, idle servant.

J. L.

His roommate observes—" by sending me this letter, so full of decision, resolution, and affection, my friend inspired me with an ardent desire, which I gratified, to return to college. Often, when my resolution was almost extinguished, has he rekindled it and pressed me on in my collegiate course, Oh, how many times has his sweet and animating voice expelled the gloom of melancholy thought from my mind."

At this season of leisure and reflection, his own sinfulness of heart seemed to rush upon his mind; and he would speak in the strongest terms of total depravity, and of what he felt of it in his bosom; saying that it made him fear he was no proper subject to join the church and make a profession of that religion which requires a perfect heart; which is pure and peaceable; while he could discover, by close inspection, so much remaining corruption, so much that was impure and unholy in himself. (It is believed that few, very few, are so faithful as he in the duty of self-examination. From the date of his first serious impressions, it was the constant daily business of his life. And though the result was a conviction that, "when he would do good, evil was present with him"—yet it furnishes a proof of his regenerate state. But in the contempla-

tion of the infinite sacrifice that was made for sin—he found a remedy for this moral evil.—The thought of his Saviour, God, whom he ever believed to be, at once, his Maker and Redeemer, and therefore adequate to make an atonement for sin, seemed to set his heart at rest. From a child he never appeared to doubt the divinity of "Emmanuel, God with us." And now "when the commandment came, and sin revived" to appal and condemn him, it proved his rock and refuge; his safety and unwavering trust, even to his dying day. This to the soul, is no sandy foundation that, if built upon, will not abide the coming storm, and will fall away; but it is "the munition of rocks, the only foundation laid that is laid in Zion." When coversed with by any of the family upon the state of his mind and with regard to taking the vows of God upon him, he appeared in his customary humility in all things relating to himself—feared he was not prepared; feared he was no christian. The deep drawn lines of thought upon his countenance, made his friends very uneasy about him. And his mother remarked, Jonathan looks too thoughtful and serious for so young a person. She used to find him sitting alone in his chamber, leaning over his bible, apparently engaged in meditation and prayer. It is probable that he was now more out of health than his friends were aware of, for he made no complaint to them. Viewing the melancholy which was stealing over him, as the consequence of his ardent mind's want of employment, as well as the effect of that conflict his

mind had sustained on religious subjects; they thought that, perhaps, a return to New-Haven, where he might derive benefit from attending the lectures in college, if he did not study; and where the religious state of feeling was far different from what it was in Greenfield, might be better for him, than to remain, as he was, at home. He appeared to think so too; and was left to do as he pleased about it. After he had concluded to go, the evening preceding his departure, he felt very low. And at family prayers he shed tears, and, when they were ended, left the room; which one of his sisters observing, followed him, and told him she would go directly to his parents and inform them of his feelings, and they would not let him go away. But he requested her not to do it, saying, I do not, so often, change my mind; I am resolved to go, thongh I do not suppose I can study as my eyes now are. The next morning he arose quite cheerful, and continued so until the fatal hour arrived that was to take him, forever, from his home; when, with a mournful air and sorrowful countenance, he took a tender and affectionate farewel of his friends. A person who rode fifty miles in the stage with him that day, noticed his unusual taciturnity—that he took a seat, covered his eyes with his hand, (as probably the light hurt them,) and spoke only a few words during their ride together. And when he got to New-Haven he continued to be very low spirited, till the near approach of Junior Exhibition tended a little to divert his mind.

To his roommate, and to him only, he unbosomed the sorrows that oppressed him, and the cause of his gloom; telling him that he found his health declining, and that he had a fixed presentiment of his early death. The last months of his life, the Author of his being saw fit to try him severely, as to his health, and, in this way, to wean him from the world. The smiling sky of his earlier days he beheld overcast with clouds, the propitious circumstances that hailed him on his entrance into the paths of literature, he saw were destroyed. But as his earthly prospects became sad and faded, his celestial ones expanded and brightened. He became very much engaged in religion: so much so, that a venerable saint said of him, when he was upon his deathbed, that death would scarcely be a change to him, for he had begun the service and praise of his Redeemer with so much ardour on the earth, that it would be but enjoying it more perfectly in heaven. He wished to devise means to promote the spirit of piety. And to his roommate he would say, What shall we do to accomplish this desirable end? How shall we induce those who do not feel on this subject, to take an interest in those things? Something we must do; do you go and talk to such an one, and see if you cannot make some serious impression on his mind and engage his feelings in the subject of religion. I have been to another of my gay companions and persuaded him to attend a religious meeting; from which I hope he will get some good. It was said of him that he did not appear to be

ashamed of his religion. He was not afraid to avow, before man, the God he served, and to speak of the things pertaining to his kingdom. But his independent temper led him to address others plainly and forcibly upon it. His was a manly character. In the walks of college, this was very striking, where so much occurs to tempt one to waver and change his mind. But here he was uniformly one that thought and acted for himself, and was able to maintain his principles. This decision of charcter commanded respect among his fellows, and gave him considerable influence. He said he thought it very important to the cause of religion, that those who made any pretension to it, should have their conversation such in the world as to give a lesson of christianity. And, that he believed a "word dropt in season would do much good;" for, that he knew a clergyman who, in common conversation in the social circle, would throw out a remark or two upon religion, which seemed to fasten on the minds of those who heard him. The aborigines of this country, were a race in which he took a peculiar and lively interest. He longed to have them converted to the grace of God. And said to his friend, there are traits in the indian's character which I think, if subdued under the influence of the gospel, will render him an ardent and useful christian. And he wished he could see these wild men of the forest in their native garb, and use his endeavours to win their estranged affections and acquaint them with the truth. He was so earnest upon this subject, that he felt

as though he could not wait to get through college. And in conformity to this desire, when his eyes first failed him, in the autumn, and he found he could not study, he proposed going amongst them, with the intention to do something towards enlisting them on the Lord's side, in helping to soften down their prejudices, by conversing with them in a familiar manner, upon their local interests, and giving, by the way, the knowledge of Him who had made himself free. But as the plan he laid did not correspond with the wishes of his friends, he relinquished it.

Eight weeks before the close of the term he told a physician that he must do something for him before the summer, or he should not live through it. For he had some complaints that he thought would carry him off, if he were not cured of them. He constantly expressed himself to his roommate in a similar manner, (though he never intimated the least thing of the kind to his own family,) telling him, I feel concerned about myself, I fear I am going into a decline. I don't know how the warm weather will agree with me, but I fear I shall not get through it. I think, however, it will be a gradual thing, for I apprehend I am getting into the consumption. He told this friend, I think it a duty to familiarize the view of death to my mind, as I expect so soon to encounter it. He also lamented that he had not been more careful of his health. There is something in his latter poetical pieces, (especially in his ode to the moon, and some lines in the deserted home,) which was too sure a presage of his approaching

dissolution. From the early productions of his infant muse, it may be seen that he might, probably, have shone as a writer and a poet, had his life been prolonged. His family have it to lament, that they were not more fully acquainted with his feelings and the state of his health at this time. Had they known how he was languishing in body and mind, he would never have been suffered to remain one moment from home. But, probably, the expectation of the approaching exhibition and vacation led him to think he should hold out, and induced him to continue at N. Haven. And his motive in keeping from them his real situation arose from forbearance to pain them with his distressing apprehensions of a decline. And with a tenderness which showed at once the fortitude of his mind and the excellency of his heart, he withheld the information entirely from them, and bore in silence his sufferings, rather than inflict distress on them. It is, however, now, and ever will be, no small aggravation of their affliction, that his sickness and death were from home—that since he is to be no more seen among us, and "the places which once knew him must know him no more forever," he did not die under his paternal roof; which we should have considered blest by his latest accent and dying breath. My brother's effort to keep up must have been very great; for he told a classmate, with whom he was taking a walk but a few days previous to his confinement, that he could not keep up much longer. I am sick now—I feel as though I should sink to the earth. And when college was about breaking up

at vacation, he united with a select number in singing the hymn,

Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
  We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
  Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
  Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
  The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
  It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
  And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
  Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
  And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
  And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
  Through all eternity.

By those of his acquaintances with whom he was accustomed to join in the social prayer meeting, it is said that he was very eminent—engaging in this exercise with all his natural fervid glow of feeling, and with that humility and prostration of soul which becomes a sinful, dependent being.

During this his last term, he became a member of the chapel church in Yale College. The feelings with which he entered upon this solemn transaction, may be gathered from the following letters to his friends at home.

These last three months of his life, he seemed to be fast closing his concerns with this world, and fitting for another. With a settled conviction on his mind that he was soon to depart this life, he burnt up a great many of his papers; brought the view of death continually near, and endeavoured to prepare to meet the king of terrors. He joined the church militant on earth, and after having twice partaken of the symbols of his Redeemer's dying love, he was taken, as we believe, to the church triumphant above; where no type of Jesus is ever needed; there forever to rejoice in the light of his countenance, and sing hallelujah to Him that was slain and is alive again, and hath reedeemed us to God by his blood.

New-Haven, Feb. 11th, 1821.

My Dear Mother,

Be not concerned. I have made no application to my eyes, nor do I intend it. They are a little better; so that I can write an hour or so every day. My health, in other respects, is very good indeed. You must not expect to hear from me very often, in my present condition; for what little eye-sight I have is indispensably requisite elsewhere. Tell the girls and S. W. I thank them for their friendly epistles, and would answer them if possible. I request your final and decided advice, with that of papa, on the momentous subject of joining the Church. God is still glorifying himself in this place. I would write more, but cannot. Please to answer this as soon as convenient.

Yours &c.

New-Haven, Feb. 27th, 1821.

Dear Mary,

When I wrote last, my eyes would permit me to write only a line; but now I can use my pen for a considerable length of time. The prospect of my continuance in college grows brighter and brighter; and though I shall, probably, be a lagging

and unsuccessful scholar, yet at the lectures and societies, and by the disputes and compositions, I may pick up many straggling ideas, and collect and store away much valuable information. In fact, should my eyes recover, I believe their temporary weakness will prove a lasting benefit. True, I shall not have so perfect a knowledge of the classics, philosophy and chemistry, as I otherwise should have had ; but I have acquired a habit of long and intense thought on every subject that falls in my way, and have arranged the small stock of knowledge that I now possess.

After the last letter from Greenfield, and after taking the advice of Mr. T. and Prof. F., I have been propounded for admission into the Church. There are many things which make me fear that I am bringing unbeaten oil into the sanctuary. My thoughtless life—my coldness—my liability to yield to temptation—my headstrong passions—all tend to convince me that I am a stranger to true piety. Yet I feel uneasy while out of the Church, and am persuaded that waiting for the purpose of being better prepared is not my duty. I trust that on the next Sabbath, when I am (I hope in living faith) partaking of the sacred bread and wine, your prayers will be ascending for me to that throne where the "prayer of the righteous availeth much."

L. has been very sick, and has left college discouraged and disconsolate. Probably, he will never return. I shall room alone while I remain in college. Many hours roll on very tediously, and I often wish for the wings of a dove, that I

might drop, for an hour or two, into the room with you at home ; but "tempus celeriter fugit ;" vacation is coming. Yours &c. J. L.

New-Haven, March 7th, 1821.

Dear Sister Amelia,

I have, since, I wrote last, come forward before my fellow men and professed to renounce the world and its vanities and to devote myself to the service of my Creator. I, almost, tremble at the thoughts of the covenant, into which I have entered. Yet I feel that I have done my duty, and I feel a degree of satisfaction in the prospect of devoting my youth, my health, my talents to a cause so holy. I hope for grace to walk worthy of the profession, which I have made.

New-Haven still presents to the Christian's eye a very interesting scene. There is every where a great degree of solemnity. Meetings for religious worship and instruction are literally thronged, and the words of the preacher are eagerly devoured. The effects of the revival are beginning to be felt in the surrounding towns. Similar revivals have commenced in Hartford, Farmington, Derby, and that part of New-Haven called Dragon. My eyes are daily gaining strength, still a half hour's improper use of them ; would reduce them again. You may, perhaps, wish to know something with regard to the Jun-

ior exhibition, which is rapidly drawing near I have written a colloquy on the influence of an extensive cultivation of the fine arts upon national happiness. It is accepted, and will be spoken. The exhibition will be on the 30th of April. Recollect now. On Monday the 30th of April. The last day of April. I hope, most sincerely, that Pappa and Mamma, with as many of the family as possible, will come down ; as it is the first and probably the last time I shall appear on the stage while in college. I shall have something more to say about it in my next communication. In the mean time " pax tecum."

Adieu. J. L.

New-Haven, March 24th, 1821.

Dear Eliza,

I have just received Mary's letter of 19th, for which, I am much obliged to her. A cold or something else again reduced my eyes ; but I threw aside my books and papers for a few days, and now find them much better. I hope you will all come down in a body to attend the exhibition.

March 25th.—It is now the Sabbath, and I hope not to trespass on holy time by continuing my letter. You have, probably heard of the revival of religion in Hartford. Mrs.——— informs me that Mr.——— is one of those on whom the spirit of God has exerted its regener-

ating influence, that he has renounced his profanity and intemperance, and become a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. There are several new instances of seriousness in college, and one of conversion—as far as man can judge. It is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Is it not remarkable that every individual of our family is a professor of religion? Where will you find such another instance? It becomes us to examine closely, lest we be deceived. I am peculiarly liable to self-deception. To persuade myself that I am a Christian—to make a public profession, at such a time as this, is very easy. It will be another matter to adhere to the Lord's side in times of religious stupidity or persecution; at the gibbet or the stake. But as our day is, so shall our strength be, if we are faithful. Adieu. Come down at the end of the term if possible. J. L.

To his Roommate.

New-Haven, March 27th, 1821.

Friend L.

Mr. President—I have been waiting for that confounded * * * * * but hear nothing of it, so I have taken up the quill, imagining that you expect a letter. I knew not how much I cared about you until you went off. Many of my

hours pass slowly away, and I am obliged to resort occasionally to the society of the ladies. Any remedy is preferable to the hypo. ——— is a pleasant jade, and I like to gabble away an evening with her extremely. The thoughts of sedentary men, particularly like me, being compelled to spend much of their time in solitary meditation, are apt to settle with intenseness, on some dragon or other. Forgive my nonsense. My colloquy is accepted. My other thing, Prof. ——, refused to examine, because the dialogists had presented several which had the prior claim.

C——, of the senior class has experienced, as well as man can judge, a change of heart. Also, S. C.; and two persons in the freshman class; and Mr. ———. The arrows of the Almighty have gone abroad in this institution, and I trust we shall, yet see greater things. I remain wishing you all health and happiness.

Yours, J. L.

New-Haven, April 6th, 1821.

My Dear Brother and Sister,

Yesterday I finished a composition, and the day before a dispute; now I have a little leisure, which I seize with alacrity. It is a long time since I heard from Greenfield, and I fear something is the matter there. My own health is

rather poor at present; owing to a violent and long continued cold; but I hope soon to get better. Tell Mamma that last week, her old friend Mrs. M.——, left this world of trouble for a better inheritance. I attended her funeral on Sunday. Her complaint was the consumption. All other friends here are well. I have nothing new as to the exhibition. I should be highly gratified to have you here to see me mount the rostrum, if circumstances will permit. If Papa and Mamma, at least, do not come I shall be much disappointed. The idea of exhibiting my composition before the public is what I do not very much like, but I must submit to it, I believe. Mr. S. the minister at West-Haven has sent me repeated invitations to visit him; so last week I walked out to his house with a fellow student, and was received and entertained with the greatest cordiality. Their hospitality and kindness I shall not soon forget. My spirits are low at present. Do write something to cheer them up directly, or I shall be for leaving coloquy and all, and steering for Greenfield in a trice.

"O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
"How dark this world would be;
"If when deceived and wounded here
"We could not fly to thee."

Eight or ten young men, in college, have this term chosen that better part which cannot be taken from them. God is, indeed, merciful to this seminary. Next Monday I shall be eighteen years old. But one year from next fall my col-

legiate education is finished. Then I must enter on some profession, and what is that to be? I have always had, (though perhaps you knew it not) a high relish for a military life. The shock of contending armies is a scene in which, from my very infancy, I have longed to mingle; still I am not blind to the miseries of war. I have an ambition still nobler. It is to preach the gospel—to fight the battles of the God of hosts.

Yours, &c. J. L.

To his Roommate.

New-Haven, April 19th, 1821.

Dearest L.

I am half sick with a cold. B. and I are very busy learning my colloquy; W.'s dialogue is accepted, and I have a part in it. So I am pretty well employed as you may suppose. I wish you all possible success. I can wish you no happier lot than the possession of domestic peace, far from the ambition of the world. The noisy pleasures of the world may please for an hour, but they leave a bitterness behind. Let us meet in vacation, some how or other. Do come to Greenfield, if by any means, it be possible. You will rejoice to hear that B. W. and B. have become subjects of the converting grace of God.

I must stop writing, though I could talk a month. We shall, never—I trust, forget each other.

Yours, J. L.

"Much of his letters to me (says his roommate) I have necessarily omitted. This last letter, of my dearest friend breathes a spirit of seriousness, tinctured with a degree of melancholy, different from any, which he ever before wrote me. The last words of this letter are stamped, in living characters, upon my heart."

New-Haven, April 21st. 1821.

Honored Father,

I am sorry to learn by your letter that your health is not so good as usual. I hope you will be able to come down at the end of the term. Preparation for the coming exhibition has cost me some study and trouble, and I should be much pleased to have you here to see it. The subject which I have chosen for my colloquy is an easy one to write upon.

The interest which my friends, at Greenfield, take in my welfare is, truly, grateful to my feelings. I have never forgotten the instructions of my parents, though I have to regret that they have been often neglected. They have been the means of preserving me from gross vices, and I trust of leading me to give my heart to the

Saviour of sinners. In a revival of religion, it is easy for a person to let his feelings become excited, and fancy himself a subject of the converting grace of God, while he is yet in the bond of iniquity. I need the watchfulness of an apostle to see that this be not my case.

A violent cold seated in the lungs has made me quite sick, for a few days past. I am now getting better. It is with pain, however, that I study, or even write.

Your affectionate son,

J. L.

Induced by his urgent and repeated solicitations, his Father, Mother, and two of his sisters went to New-Haven. They were averse to going—and went only in conformity to his wishes, and not for their own pleasure. Thus this journey intended on their part for his gratification, proved in the end to be as providential, as it was needful. Flushed with hope they reached New-Haven on Saturday the 28th of April, expecting to see the object so dear to them, when they were informed that he was confined to a bed of sickness. His disorder was the scarlet fever and ulcerated sore throat. He had been very unwell for a number of weeks, but did not call in a physician, until two days before this. He was extremely grateful to his friends for coming, often spoke of it during his painful illness, as a providential favor. While the rash, which was

violent and irritating, continued, he was restless and uneasy. He breathed with the utmost difficulty—his nose and head being much stopped up ; and his throat giving him unceasing pain and distress—and his fever very high. However, in a day or two, he became, perfectly, calm and patient—Never expressed a murmuring or repining thought, no—not even after he became deranged, did he say an improper word. When he got so much better that he could breathe through his nose, he seemed perfectly happy, and spoke of it in his native lovely and pleasant way. His classmate and real friend, who continued steadily by him from the first to the last of his sickness, observing his sweet submission under his distressing situation, said to him, if you get well we shall love you better than ever, you are so patient. In the most courteous manner, he thanked every one for what they did for him, and seemed grateful for the least attention or relief. He never refused to take any medicine whatever, that was administered to him. And with regard to his pain and sickness, frequently repeated, it is all right—it is all right. To his mother he said, if I do not do as you think best tell me so, for I desire to do aright, and wish to recover if I can. He was as amiable, pleasant, and interesting in his sickness, as he had ever before been in health. So that it was a privilege and blessing to be with him, to be about his sick bed and behold the manifestations of a christian temper he gave. He expressed the most ardent desire to get home ; hoped he should,

at least, be able to get back into the bosom of his family, where he could have the presence of all his sisters—the family physician—enjoy the thousand comforts he had been accustomed to from childhood—and where too, he might take a view of his dear native Greenfield. This desire pervaded his breast, and disturbed his slumbers. Also, the anxiety he felt for his parents, whom he considered unable to attend upon him, in sickness, distressed his mind, and became evidently a pull back to him. For the space of a week after his friends' arrival at New-Haven, he could daily converse with them rationally and sensibly, and his recovery was hoped and expected by them. My brother told his classmate that he did not view himself to be better,—nor did expect to be, but he wished his family not to know it, and to indulge the hope of his recovery. With his friend, he conversed freely upon his approaching dissolution; saying his mind was not unembarrassed with doubts and fears; but that if he were to die, he had a hope, which would support him through death.

It is thought that the scarlet fever never came to a proper crisis, and, about this time, the typhus fever set in. On the Saturday night before his death, he gave the first alarming symptom of delirium. He had been asleep, and at waking, was very much frightened, said there had been an earthquake the shock was very great to him—he had received a fall and should never get over it. His Father and his friends, who were sitting by him, finally convinced him that

there had been none. Upon which, he said, he was so reduced by sickness, so weak and feeble, that he supposed he believed his dreams.

Sunday morning, more medical aid was called in, and when they left the room, he questioned his attendant physician, as to the nature of his disease, saying, I wish to know something about my situation. It is the typhus fever I now have, is it? And how long do you think it may last? The Doctor answered he did not know. Well, said he, do you think it will continue a fortnight? and he was told no, I should think not. During the whole of this day, he seemed perfectly to understand, that he was much worse, and said so to his parents. When one of his sisters first went into his room in the morning, he looked up very pleasantly, and said, good morning—we have just had a consultation of physicians here. She told him she knew it. Any one acquainted with his open expressive countenance; and who had been accustomed to catch his thoughts from his looks; might now easily read what passed within his mind, and that he was, fully, aware of his danger. He asked the day of the week and the hour; as he had frequently done through his sickness—Observed to his sister, it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth,—and trust in Christ makes a great difference with a sick man. Whenever he fell asleep, he talked of home, of the objects there, and called upon the names of his absent sisters; and at first waking, would be quite lost; though when perfectly awake he was himself again. Through the day, whenever he

had the command of himself he appeared to be meditating on his end, and trying to prepare himself for it. The fond, anxious looks he cast upon his parents and sisters, bespoke, but too well, the language which cannot find utterance. In the afternoon, as I sat by his bed-side, he requested me to devise some method to keep him awake, as he had been very lethargic for twenty four hours. I succeeded so far as to keep him awake, and he was rational and composed for a long time. Finding it difficult to suppress my feelings, I therefore made no attempt to converse with him. But, he earnestly looked at me and said, why don't you talk to me? And, apparently after much consideration, (while an expression of deep solemnity and benignity overspread his intelligent features,) he asked me, how do you tell whether you are a christian or not? I replied, by love to God. But, said he, how do you tell that you have this love? If our thoughts are turned towards God habitually every day and every hour, this is an evidence that we love him, is it not? Yes, said he. And have you not this evidence yourself? he said, why, yes I think so, and I have hoped that I was a christian; but my conduct has been such since I have joined the church, so inconsistent with the christian character, that I fear for myself; (many others observed how exemplary his life and conduct had been.) But I said to him that it was not our own righteousness that we were to depend upon, but the righteousness of Christ—his was perfect, and on him he should rely. He assented,

seemed perfectly satisfied, and said I think I shall now go to sleep. When he awoke he was in the same tranquil frame. In the evening he had some interesting conversation with his classmate, upon the hopes they had indulged of preaching the gospel; and intimated, that though his friend might yet preach it, he feared he never should. Monday morning his mind was very much confused, but became peaceful, and continued through the forenoon calm and rational. In the afternoon of that day, he failed very fast. Monday night he grew very uneasy about his Father, who was too ill to set up, and said, I must get up and go to see him. His anxiety was so great that his Mother sent for his Father. Immediately, on his entering the room, my brother became calm, and said, Papa, it is better for me to be sick longer, than that you should get sick in taking care of me. Never was there a more dutiful son. That affection, which in the springtime of life, and the vigour of health, he had lavished upon his friends; and which rendered him so inexpressibly dear to them, continued to the end—surviving amidst the feebleness of decay and the wreck of genius. His Father asked him if he recollected his sister Eliza's sickness with the same fever he had? He said, O! yes sir, I recollect it very well, but her limbs were not affected as mine are, were they? Tuesday about ten o'clock, as I sat by him he looked upon me and said—Trust in Christ makes the true Christian. Yes, said I, and have you that trust? he looked down for a moment, very thoughtfully,

but replied, yes, I think I have; I believe that I have. And are you willing that the Lord should dispose of you just as he pleases? He looked calmly and steadily at me, and said yes, I am perfectly willing. Soon after this, the Rev. Mr. T——, came in, and conversed with him on his spiritual state. The answers he gave were very satisfactory. He spoke of the small hope, (as he termed it,) that he had for himself, and added, even this small hope is a great support to me. He referred to former conversations which he had had with this Divine, and observed his views continued the same now as then. Mr. T——, told his parents, that their son had always expressed to him many fears and doubts as to his being a Christian, but not more than he liked to have him. Speaking to him of the near approach of death, he said I trust in the mercy of the Savior—I have not those bright and clear views which some have. Some you know, Mr. T——, would rejoice to die and leave this world, but I do not; but I am willing to submit to God, and place my hopes in him. Then in a firm tone of voice he requested Mr. T——, to pray that his life might be continued, if it was the will of heaven, but I do not wish to direct the event. And I wish you to pray that God would prepare my soul for death, whether it come now, or at any future time. What I thought remarkable, in so young a person, was, that he never expressed the least fear of death or dread of the grave. From the state his eyes had been in, for a long time, a cloud was thrown over all his earthly

prospects, and we are led to conclude from what was disclosed in his conduct and late writings, of the presentiment he had of his early exit; and the willingness he therein manifested to depart, that he had viewed this subject in its proper light; and this accounts for the calmness, with which he met the king of terrors. Notwithstanding he uniformly said he wished to recover, and though he had much to attach him to life, yet I believe the consideration of the distress, his loss would throw his family into, was the strongest motive that made him cling to it. For, on Tuesday evening, when the warm bath, (as a last resort,) was proposed to him; as one of his parents left the room he exclaimed, O, my heart aches, aches! All Tuesday night, his mind was very much deranged—talked continually upon religion. He made several addresses on the spread of the gospel, which were eloquent and beautiful; declaring that it would extend itself over the whole globe, in a peaceful and noiseless and triumphant manner. He also spoke with much energy and feeling, to a number of his class mates, whom he thought were present, upon the vital importance of their embracing religion now, considering some of them as destitute of "that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." One, who he seemed to think had injured him, he freely and fully forgave, and said, "he that smiteth thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." His class was ever very dear to him, and he used to speak of the various talents and virtues it contained, with much warmth and

interest. And with still more emotion of his love for them, and of the good he thought they and he might be instrumental of doing in the world. Even now, it appears he had their best good at heart. Wednesday was as distressing a day to him, as human nature could endure. But he appeared to be sensible of his situation. For as his sister was trying to keep his hands in bed, he seemed to think, that he had done wrong in throwing them out; and said to her, if I do any thing wrong you must forgive me, for I am so sick I dont know what I do or say. And that night before he died, his mother said to him; don't you know what your father just told you. that you talked too much? Yes, says he, and I suppose I do, but I don't know any thing I say or do. During the distressing hours upon his sick bed his father saw him repeatedly, as he thought, in prayer to God. Once after whispering to himself some time, he clasped his hands, and said, for the Lord Jesus' sake. Amen. At another time, when he had been speaking low for a while, so as not to be understood, he at length brought his hands together and uttered aloud, for the great Redeemer's sake. Amen. Wednesday night, about eleven o'clock, as his youngest sister (of whom he was particularly fond,) passed by the foot of his bed, he called her to him and bade her take his hand, saying, why Eliza, I thought you had gone away. For the last hours of his life, he frequently sung strains in, "There's nothing true but Heaven"—which he formerly played upon the flute. What he now

said could not be distinctly understood, and as he grew still and quiet (probably when reason returned his strength being spent,) he was speechless. His father finding his beloved son about to leave him, bade us kneel with him around the bed and breathe a silent prayer to God to receive his soul. The last effort of expiring nature was raising his eyes to heaven, in which attitude, without a sigh or a groan, he died.—On Thursday morning, the tenth of May, 1821, being just eighteen years and one month old, we humbly hope that his emancipated spirit fled from suffering to immortal blessedness—that, when the hearts of his parents and friends were "pierced through with many sorrows," there opened upon his unclouded vision, a world where there is no suffering; a scene, where there is nothing but unmingled joy and bliss—and that, while his friends pour over his memory the worthy tribute of lamentation, his own happiness is complete and everlasting with his covenant God and Father, Redeemer and Sanctifier.

"Can the mind of man, the immortal soul,
"Which on earth seems bounding from earth's control—
"Can that spirit by death to flesh be linked,
"All its ardour quenched, and its hope extinct?
"O, no! there's a bright and a blissful sphere,
"Where it soars, when freed from its bondage here;
"And it soothes the mourner's heart to think,
"While in tears he bends o'er the cold grave's brink—
"It soothes his sorrowing heart to know,
"Though the form he loved may moulder below—
"The spirit he loved—the immortal part—
"The truth, and the love, and the goodness of heart,
"And the faith which raises the mind to God—
"These never can rest in death's dark abode."

After his death, in his cabinet was found a written prayer and covenant. The writer of an obituary notice of my brother in the Christian Spectator, says, " The sincerity of his heart is very affectingly manifested in the following, which was found among his papers, without any date, evidently intended for his own inspection only, that he might be perpetually reminded of his solemn covenant with his God."

O thou, who inhabitest Eternity, blessed be thy name, that thou didst ever look, in mercy, on a world lying in wickedness, and devise a method of redemption. I would praise thee forever that the glad tidings of salvation have been proclaimed before me, and that I have been invited to accept them. If the act which I am about to perform is not acceptable in thy sight, forgive it in thine infinite mercy. And while I dedicate myself to thee, may the Holy Ghost, without which we can do nothing acceptably, be present and help me.

Thou, O God, art the maker of my soul, and of the body in which it dwells. Thou didst give me life, and didst require of me perfect obedience to thy Holy Law. But I have broken that law in innumerable instances. Yet thy mercy did then find a ransom, even then. Thou didst give thy well beloved Son to be a propitiation for the sins of man. Through him, thou hast been offering pardon to me, although I have been, continually, rejecting him. In view of thine infinite mercy; of the condescension, sufferings,

and death of the Savior; and of my aggravated and enormous guilt in thus rejecting him, it well becomes me to repent in dust and ashes before thee, and to devote the remainder of my existence to thy service. Thou only knowest, O God, whether there is yet a possibility of my salvation, or whether thy long suffering was wearied out by my resistance to the Holy Spirit, and thou hast pronounced against me the irrevocable doom, and that Savior whom I have so often insulted, is no longer offered to me—be that as it may, it is my duty to love thee and serve thee still.

And now, O God, I come, with deep abhorrence of my past iniquities, and with a firm resolution, by thy assistance, to avoid them hereafter; lamenting the hardness of my heart and my ingratitude, and relying on the blood of Jesus Christ as my only hope; and in the presence of thyself and the angels in heaven, I give my soul to the Savior, to be disposed of according to his infinite wisdom; and I devote myself, with all my faculties and powers, and all that I may ever possess, to thy service on earth. And I do purpose, with thy assistance, to dedicate my body a living temple, holy and acceptable in thy sight, and to live a life of sobriety and holiness.

And now, O God, what wait I for. My hope is in thee. Assist me to keep this covenant with my God, and to live devoted to thy service, and Oh, save my soul, at last through the Redeemer's blood. My trust is in him.—Amen.

In one of his books, we find written these reflections upon joining the church.

REFLECTIONS. March 7th 1821.

This day is so important in the history of my life that I cannot forbear noticing it, by writing. This day I have dared to come forward and partake of the Lord's Supper. I have taken this step, because I wish, so far as I can judge of my own desires, to devote my life to the service of the great founder of the church. I am totally unacquainted with those raptures which some profess to feel, and if these be necessary to true piety, my religion is a dream. But I have always thought vital godliness a steadily acting principle, and not the ebullition of temporary feeling. So deceitful is the human heart that I am altogether incapable of judging whether I am a regenerate person or not. I hope, however, that I am. I trust that there is a spark of grace in my heart which the divine blessing will fan into a flame.

Who can believe that my dear brother is lost? The descendant of pious ancestors—the child of many prayers and tears!—He was baptized in infancy, and trained up in the way he should go. For one that was by nature a sinner—he passed a life remarkably pure and blameless. For one of his years, his youthful mind was uncommonly stored with religious knowledge. He early chose the God of his Fathers. The last summer of his transient life, he was shaken by the terrors of the

law—and melted by the grace of the gospel—and gave the most incontestable evidence of a change of heart. In the fair morning of life, in the hour of ease and health, he devoted himself to God, and embraced that "covenant which is well ordered in all things and sure."—Firm as its immutable author, the covenant keeping God, who declares that he sheweth mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments. Finally, the blessed Savior has said, he that owns me before men, I will own before my Father in heaven. He that believeth on me shall be saved. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Thus lived Jonathan Leavitt. Thus closed upon this world a life that was full of promise. Thus died a youth who was beloved by all that knew him.

Reader, if, like him, thou art young—when thou diest, may you possess his faith in Jesus. May you have as unblemished a character—as benevolent a heart; and leave your friends as much consolation in your death. Remember, "Time cuts down the fairest bloom of sublunary bliss." Ye who tread the soft mazes of pleasure, in the green years of life and promise; Oh, be instructed by the language his premature death speaks to your gay bosoms, beating high with expectation, life and vigor. You may be as early, as suddenly snatched away from all the enjoyments this world affords; and without his

refuge, what will you do? His death-bed sickness proclaims, forcibly, in your ear, the neglected warning of—put not off repentance to a sick, a dying day. Reason then may fail you, as it did him. And unless he had made use of the season of youth, the time of health, to make his peace with God; Oh, what would have become of his immortal soul!

Life cannot open to you with fairer prospects than it did upon him. You cannot be more the object of solicitude and affection. And (with truth I may add) you cannot be more promising than he. Yet, what did it all avail him, when he was called to die—to give up the ghost—and to render an account at the bar of Judgment? Oh, nothing! Your friends may weep over you, and strive to comfort your suffering frame and departing spirit; but to no purpose. Ah, no power, save that of a compassionate Redeemer, can sooth the soul of a sinner that is appointed once to die. Trust, therefore, in him; for before yonder sun shall set in darkness, the angel of death may summon you to follow this early victim of the grave.

How faithful this young Christian was to the souls of others, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from one of his classmates to his father. He writes, "To some indeed, his voice seems to issue from the grave, saying, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." A few days since I had a long walk and conversation with one of his intimate friends. He brought to mind the many

interesting scenes that had passed during the long friendship that had subsisted between them; the friendly exhortations that he had often given him, to flee from the wrath to come, and secure his salvation, while youth, and health, and reason, were shedding their blessings around him. And while we conversed, he wept much, and said that the world to him had lost its charms, and nothing now remained but to prepare to follow his departed friend to his final rest."

It is said that when the intelligence of the death of that "man of excellent spirit," Samuel J. Mills, reached his aged father, the venerable old man arose and walked the room, saying, a mysterious providence—a mysterious providence. In this light only can we view the stroke that blasts our cherished expectations;—that levels our fondest hopes in the dust;—and takes from a sinful world a character blossoming with piety and beauty,—unfolding and ripening for usefulness in it. But he who has lived to become experimentally acquainted with the religion of Jesus, has not lived in vain. For, honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. "Wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age." But lest the hand of affection should be suspected of giving too vivid a glow to the picture, let me quote the testimony of impartial authority.

"He was a young man of more than ordinary promise. Possessing fine native talents, amiable in his disposition, regular in his habits, diligent

in his studies, and attentive to the discharge of the relative and social duties of life, he had gained the esteem of the officers of college, and was respected and beloved by his fellow students. There was every reason to believe that he would have completed his education in a manner honourable to himself, and highly gratifying to the fondest hopes and wishes of his friends. His mind had just begun to develope its powers, and they were such powers, as, with his disposition and habits, would have made him a blessing and an ornament to society.

But the hopes of his friends were not all buried with him in the grave. He was an early and hopeful subject of the recent revival of religion in this place, (New-Haven,) and in March last, he made a solemn and public dedication of himself to God. His friends have the unspeakable consolation of believing that he made this offering with sincerity of heart, and they rest with humble confidence upon the gracious declaration, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

To human eyes the subject of this memoir was calculated to be eminently useful in life. He seemed, in our view, to be peculiarly necessary to his family. He had parents who looked to him, their only son, as their staff in old age, and as the protector of their other children, when they should be no more. He was, in a striking degree, possessed of those high and commanding qualities, which might have rendered him (with further expansion) an eloquent and successful preacher of the gospel.

He had great decision of character. He had about him singular nobleness of soul. I cannot discribe the frankness, the generosity, the cheerfulness and sweetness of his disposition. His genius was as radiant as it was pure. And his was a purity of mind which rarely falls to the lot of mortals. This excellency was very visible in his last painful hours of delirium. Even then, no syllable escaped his lips, we could have wished not said; but all his language discovered his purity of mind. The watchers around his sick bed often, with admiration, remarked this of him. But his unfeigned humility, which entered into every thing, was the brightest trait in his character. While others saw and admired the brilliancy of his talents and virtues, he was quite unconscious of them himself, though ever diligent to improve his time and talents aright. There was another very fine trait in the character of my brother; and one which is but too uncommon—that is his unalterable aversion to slander, and his extreme tenderness of the reputation of his neighbours. In this particular, he was the most exemplary person I ever knew. He often reproved others whom he happened to hear speaking injuriously of any one; and would say, I cannot believe it—there are a thousand springs to action, which that person may have, of which you know nothing. It is, therefore, wrong to judge so hard of him—at any rate, if you can say no good—say nothing at all of him—let him alone. In this respect, he uniformly obeyed the golden rule. His piety too was of the most rational and

exalted kind. While he adored the God of Abraham, he seemed to shrink at a view of his own insignificance in his sight. What he would frequently say on this head, has reminded me of those words of the Savior, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

He was quite accomplished in his personal appearance. Polished manners, an interesting and intelligent countenance, together with a fine form combined to give him an elegant exterior. His was a highly cultivated mind. He was a person of a great deal of pleasantry and humour, which rendered him a most delightful companion. Ardent in his attachments toward his associates, he was a real friend. As his understanding was adorned by culture and principle, so his heart intensely glowed with all the virtuous affections; such as filial gratitude, love and sensibility; and he was an exemplary son and brother. Inspired with the spirit of the gospel, he was a real believer in Jesus. Animated with the hopes it unfolds, he was a sincere Christian.

Jonathan! "the world no more
Can claim thee for its own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne:
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here."

COMPOSITIONS.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Among the variety of studies which engage the attention of men, there is none which will more richly repay the labours of the student, than the study of the human heart. The character of man is marked with the greatest variety. In one bosom we find benevolence and intelligence; in another, selfishness and ignorance. In one, gentleness and humility; in another, roughness and arrogance. Here, we see the torrent of unrestrained passion, bearing away the wreck of happiness, and hurrying to perdition the wretch who has trusted himself to its billows. And there, the gentle stream of principle, fertilizing the soil through which it runs, and safely bearing the mariner to the ocean of eternity. We find in one man, disgusting vulgarity; and in another, refinement and elegance. Wherever we look, some variety of character, some failing to lament, some vice to shun, or some virtue to imitate, appears. Such is the field which is spread before us; vast, rich, and easy to be explored.—The field of science, though abundantly productive, will yield nothing without incessant toil, and the most diligent at-

tention. But the harvest of this field is ripe; the sickle ready, and nothing wanting but the hand to reap it. Without a knowledge of the human heart, all other knowledge would be as useless as an acquaintance with the learned languages to the man who was ignorant of the language spoken by those around him. Let us then apply ourselves to this study. Let us observe the follies, the virtues, and the vices of our neighbours; and as the bee extracts honey from the most bitter and poisonous plants, so let us derive advantage even from the most worthless of our fellow beings.

The place of ones birth, the scene of infant pleasures, is dear to every one. For the retrospection of such scenes is always accompanied with the recollection of the friends with whom we were then connected. A man cannot walk in a grove, which he has not visited for years, without calling to mind the friend with whom he once walked there. He cannot enter the school-house where his infancy was instructed, without seeing in his mind's eye, the master on his throne, and hearing in his mind's ear, the appaling sound of the ferula. Such scenes lead the mind irresistibly to the persons with whom they were once associated. And it is from this circumstance, perhaps, that our attachment for particular places, which we are accustomed to view, arises. The love of

the place where infancy was spent, is an affection implanted by nature in the human breast. It is interwoven with the love of the friends who dwelt with us in those scenes. Thus with the memory of objects which we were accustomed to view in early life, there returns the memory of those friends who once viewed them with us.

The man whom the wide wave of life has removed from his native home, often thinks of it with regret, not unmingled with pleasure. In that home dwelt his parents, and perhaps the brother or sister of his heart. There began connections which the unceasing change of human affairs may have broken off forever. There too, perhaps, some blue-eyed maiden began to convince him that it "was not good for man to be alone." That was the scene of many a hair-brained exploit—of many a truant prank—of many a joyful day. Such days as pass when the spirits are light and buoyant; and when the heart has met with nothing to disturb its peace.—The memory of departed joys is "pleasing, yet mournful to the soul," after the lapse of years. We often have occasion to notice this affection of man for the scenes where his early years were passed. In a mind of sensibility and refinement there is always a large share of it to be found. The mountain, the lake, and the valley, on which the eye has been accustomed to rest, appear more beautiful than any other. The cottage and the hamlet where our infancy was spent, have more charms than the splendid palace or the crowded city. The rugged Greenlander would turn with

disgust from the gay fields of Italy. And the Italian shudders at the snowy peaks and the long nights of the northern regions. We look back upon joys that are gone, and see their beauty, but overlook their gloominess. The pleasures of life appear more beautiful when viewed through the vista of departed years, than at the time when we are actually enjoying them. Like the colours of a landscape, which are more delicate and pleasing to the eye when viewed from afar. Or like the notes of music, which are mellowed and softened by distance.

There are some men who, by the narrowness of their dispositions, throw an air of gloom over the circle in which they move. There are others who are always gay and thoughtless, and apparently happy; and who, to judge by their appearance, enjoy life as a long and merry holyday. Others take a middle course, possessing the seriousness of the former, without their austerity, and the cheerfulness of the latter, without their levity.

Among men of morose disposition, few are either useful or distinguished. Most persons of this description have met with some disappointment, which has dried up the sources of affection, and made them incapable of enjoying the blessings which arise from social intercourse. Such

men destroy their own happiness, and, not unfrequently, that of those with whom they are connected. If it be the duty of man to become an active member of society, and to extend, as far as possible, the sphere of his usefulness; then he who secludes himself from the world, who deserts the post at which he was stationed, because some circumstance has given him a disgust to it, is highly culpable.

Those who possess an unceasing levity of deportment, deviate from the line of duty and of happiness as far as those of an opposite character. There is a kind of mirth which sometimes passes for happiness among men, but which differs from it as much as the glitter of tinsel from the steady lustre of true gold. True happiness is of a quiet nature and an enemy to noise and revelry. A smiling countenance is often a cloak for a sad heart, and not unfrequently, for a troubled conscience. The man who is never serious, either possesses an insensible heart, or strives, by his assumed gaiety, to conceal his real feelings. Such gaiety is hollow and unreal. In the midst of gay companions, and in the bustle of business it may exist; but in solitude and retirement it is gone. The tide of animal spirits may indeed be quiet at the surface, but an accurate observer can easily perceive the tumult below.

Cheerfulness is the proper state of the mind. And with the wise and happy it is always found. It sedulously avoids the unmeaning levity which would make man despicable, as well as the melancholy which would make him useless. It is of

a different nature from mirth. More steady and lasting, and more independent of circumstances. Mirth is a boon-companion who will desert us in the hour of need. Cheerfulness is a faithful friend who will defend us in the day of adversity. The one is a mountain torrent, swollen by accidental causes, but soon dried up. The other is the river of the meadow, moving on continually the same course, and winding calmly round the obstacles by which it is opposed. It is then our duty to avoid both levity and melancholy, and to cultivate a cheerful disposition. With what calamities sover we meet, if we present to them the Ægis of an innocent and cheerful heart, they will be divested of half their terrors.

In perusing the history of the American aborigines, from the time when European vessels first touched upon their shores to the present, we find that an almost unceasing hostility has existed between them and the settlers. And even now, the Indians retain against the white men a hatred which it is difficult for any kindness to remove, and a suspicion which it is impossible for any candour to eradicate. In many settlements, particularly in those made by the Spaniards, every advance was opposed by the natives. Every step was disputed; every forest ambushed; every causeway broken down; every pass desperately defended, and every possible method tried to

drive the invaders from the coast. Either, as is sometimes affirmed, the Indians were incapable of civilization, were deaf to the voice of kindness and the calls of religion; or else no attempt to civilize them was made, no voice of friendship or mercy was addressed to them. That they should, for so long a time, carry on a war in which they were constantly losing ground, with no motive but a causeless hatred, and no object but bloodshed, is not to be supposed. And that they could not be civilized, is an assertion which we have every reason to disbelieve. There must have been some powerful cause which made them resist—some deeply-felt injury which planted in their breasts this invincible aversion to the Europeans.

If we look with candour upon the conduct of our forefathers, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that much of it was unjust. Their fire-arms, horses, and vessels gave them unlimited power over the simple natives. They were in a strange land, in the midst of a desert wilderness, surrounded by dangers and death, and separated from the rest of the world. In this situation it was natural that they should eargerly catch at every advantage which was offered them. And with their superiority over the Indians, it was easy to work upon their fears, or to persuade their credulity.

But the greatest outrages which the natives have suffered, have been committed by the Spaniards, and not by our ancestors. The former were led on by the lust of gold; the latter were driven by the rod of persecution. The conduct

of the one was that of erring christians—that of the other was the conduct of unprincipled wretches.

The empires of Peru and Mexico were the principal scenes of the Indians' sufferings. There the white man came; not to divide the blessings of Europe with the inhabitants of the western world; but to rob them of every blessing they possessed.—Not to lift up before them the banners of the cross, but to unfurl the bloody standard of war. They came, not as messengers of peace, but as demons of desolation. The wind that wafted to their shores the vessels of the eastern continent, was like the blast which sweeps over the deserts of Arabia.—It withered all the joy, it blasted all the hope, it destroyed all the spirit of the Indian.

The story of the Indians' sufferings is not a fiction. Every one who reads the history of the discovery and settlement of America, must confess that no language is too strong to express their miseries, and no colours too dark to depict the cruelty of the settlers.

The question whether ghosts appear or not, is the subject of considerable dispute. Every one has heard the adventures of hobgoblin knight errants, handed down from the three or four preceding generations. Every boy has heard his grandmama gravely relate how she has heard her

grandmother say, that when her grandmother was alive, no person dared to be convinced of the non-appearance of spirits; fearing that an immediate visit from one would be the direful consequence. On the other hand, the dictates of common sense and the testimony of every ones experience contradicts these arguments. Many a person has laughed at the idea of seeing a ghost, and valiantly declared that should he ever meet one he would spare no pains to have a thorough understanding pass between them.

During the happy six weeks which followed last commencement, I was one evening reading aloud to the family congregation a tragical story of a visit from a fairy to one of the sons of earth. At the conclusion of the tale I laid down the book, removed the screen from my forehead, and wondered that any man could be found foolish enough to write such a thing. What, said my aunt D. (adjusting her spectacles and bringing her face into a smile, in which good humour was mingled with an arch expression of wit, which she always took the liberty to exercise upon me,) what line of conduct would your excellency be pleased to adopt should you have the honor of meeting with any thing resembling your ideas of a ghost? I would not part with him, I assure you, said I, till I found whether he were a ghost or not. You talk very cavalierly, replied my aunt, but I fear your courage, if put to the test, would prove pretty much like that of the rat; who proposed putting a bell round the neck of the enemy of his race, the cat; so that her movements might

be discovered—But who being nominated to perform the office, preferred that some other person should be appointed. Notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, my aunt D. continued in the same opinion. And the laughter of the family circle was all I could obtain for boasting defiance of ghosts.

The next day was remarkably fine. After dinner, feeling vino, ciboque gravatus, I rode out on horseback, intending to return in a short time. But a dark and threatening cloud, which suddenly overcast the sky, plainly intimated that I must either find some place of shelter; or receive the blessing of rain in uncomfortable abundance. In all probability, the shower would come on before I could reach my father's house, should I attempt it. Besides, by riding on I might meet some adventure; and I make it a rule in vacation, to neglect no step, which can lead me to any thing new. Accordingly, I asked admission at the first house I found, and remained there till the shower was over. It was near the middle of the afternoon, when I sat out to return. The road lay along the base of a mountain, which I recollect was a favourite rambling place of mine, before my entrance into the world; (or more properly before my admission into the C. K. Y. C.) I felt a strong desire to revisit this scene; to tread the half worn path I had often trod before; and to see as I often had done, the Connecticut sweeping in silent grandeur along the base of the romantic eminence. This desire at length overcame my fears of losing my supper. So I tied

my horse at the foot of the mountain, and began to ascend. I found that a year's residence at the metropolis of literature, had not improved my legs in the art of clambering over rocks; how much soever it might have assisted my mental legs in the art of climbing "That steep where fame's proud temple shines afar." When I had gained about half the ascent, I sat down on a stone to recover my strength: I had a perfect view of the road. A horseman was rapidly advancing towards the mountain. I watched him for some time, until a thick wood hid him from my view. And like the hero of pilgrim's progress, he went on his way and I saw him no more. I then continued to follow the skeleton of a path; and after one or two falls, and several scratches from the brambles, I gained the summit. I was amply recompensed for my labours and fatigue, by the scene which then opened on my view. At the foot of the mountain lay verdant meadows, through which ran the broad and rapid river. The spires of country churches were seen at a distance. The declining sun tinged with gold the clouds, which seemed to attend him to his resting place. The rustic hamlets were to be seen beneath. No sound was heard, save the mountain breeze, or the notes of the wood-robin. Multitudes of hills were spread before me, behind which, sol was rapidly descending. The sober season of the year, the lateness of the hour, together with the beauty of the whole scene, irrisistibly invited to meditation. I continued lost in thought, till I observed that

the sun had set, and it would be late ere I could reach my home. Accordingly, I hastened to descend. The path upon which, (as upon most other earthly things,) the hand of time had taken great liberties, was so much overgrown; that I found it impossible to trace it by the twilight. So I left it to shift for itself, as all men leave their old friends, when they become useless. And trusting to the light of my own understanding, in preference to the glimmering twilight, struck into the thick wood. The branches of the trees were thickly interwoven with one another, and formed a verdant canopy; through which, even in its noontide splendour the sun could scarcely pierce. But at that hour, it was almost totally dark. It was that kind of darkness which is peculiarly calculated to inspire awe. This, thought I, is exactly the place for one of my aunt D.'s boggles to make his appearance. A deep and hollow groan struck my ear. I looked round but saw nothing. I quickened my pace, wishing most devoutly that I were out of the wood. Another groan more clear, more loud, than the former echoed through the forest. Again I turned round, and beheld a tall figure wrapped in a black mantle rise from the ground. Depart, said the spectre, in a voice of thunder, and waving his hand towards me. I hesitated not to obey; but taking to my heels, in the emphatic language of the spectre, I departed. I reached my horse, sprang upon the saddle, and was soon at considerable distance from the mountain. I heard the tramp of a horse's feet behind me and looked

round. The same figure I had seen in the wood, was mounted, and pursuing me at full speed. Ghost or demon, quoth I, I'll run no further. For I began to think that I was imposed upon, and resolved to try what effect my riding cane would have upon my pursuer. Accordingly I pulled in the bridle of my horse, who had been my companion from infancy; and who was a matchless steed, though somewhat stricken in years. Unfortunately, he was in the act of leaping over a gully, which the rain had washed out, when I checked him. He stumbled and fell prostrate. But such had been the swiftness of his course, that I continued my career over his head, till I was deposited in a puddle of water; with a violence which almost reduced me to a negative quantity. Before I could recover my feet or senses, the horseman had overtaken me, and was kneeling by my side. Bruised, battered, and enraged, I leveled a blow with my cane at the spectres head; which brought him to the humble situation I had previously occupied. And I was going to repeat the operation, when a voice very different from that which he had before uttered, burst from his lips. Stop, stop, said he, you know not whom you are beating—I am your friend ——. And so indeed it was. This hero, whom for the present I shall call Hab. Spatterdash, was coming to make me a visit; also had called at the house where I staid during the shower; to inquire the road to my father's mansion—and being told I had just gone from there, spurred on to overtake me. Hab. Spatterdash was one of those

good natured souls, who will do any thing for a friend, except sacrifice a jest. Seeing me go up the mountain, he concluded it would be an excellent joke, to dress himself in an elegant black surplice, his mother had prepared as a present for her counsin, (a person in the neighborhood) and so frighten me. How well he succeeded you have already seen. We shook hands, however, and rejoiced to see each other, even in such an unseemly place; to wit, the mudpuddle,—of whose joys we had both had a goodly foretaste. Meantime my horse finding himself left in the gulley, by his rider, concluded to return the kindness by leaving him in the mud. And feeling, I suppose some compunctious visitings of hunger, he naturally took the road to his own stable. The arrival of this K—— at home without his rider and covered with mud, threw the family into the greatest consternation. The news reached the ear of aunt D. and when I arrived, she was standing on the door steps, with a lamp in one hand, and the other raised in amazement. It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade Hab. Spatterdash to keep my flight a secret. His tormented love of joking brought out the whole adventure, to my great dsicomfiture; and to the infinite advantage and delight of aunt D. who advised me however courageous I might be in heart, never to express it by words.

WHATEVER may be the difference of natural talents, in different men, it is certain that the human character is formed, in a great degree, by circumstances apparently accidental. One receives his birth in the abode of wretchedness and want; another in the palace of the affluent. The spirit of the one is cramped by poverty, and never extends beyond the acquisition of daily sustenance. The genius of the other is fostered by education, and taught to range over the boundless fields which science opens to view. Let the former possess the same advantages with the latter, and his improvement will be perhaps far greater; and let the latter be placed in the situation of the former, and he will imbibe the "spirit of his station." One man is born in a smoky weekwam, in the midst of the greatest mental debasement. Another is surrounded by refined and elegant society. The one of necessity becomes a savage; imbibes the feelings and contracts the habits of his fathers, and spends his life in roaming through the wilderness, or fighting petty battles. The other, brought forward into the busy scenes of life by powerful friends, and aided by education, enters the cabinet or the field, and becomes a distinguished statesman or warrior. Had the former, in early infancy, been exchanged for the latter, would not the Indian huntsman have filled the station of the politician, and would not the latter have adopted the manners of the savage?

Many a genius has been compelled "by the pressure of existing circumstances," to grovel

with the mole, that might have risen to the eagle's flight.

Among the majestic scenes of Scotland; surrounded by the craggy summits of lofty mountains, where nature has spread her wildest and most sublime scenery, the highlander receives his birth. The dashing of the mountain torrent,—the beetling cliff—the barren heath,—the interminable forest,—the silent lake,—are the objects from which his infant mind receives its first impressions. And is it not natural that those impressions should correspond with the objects, which gave rise to them? Is it not to be expected that his character should resemble in boldness and energy the landscape over which his eye has been accustomed to range? What gives the Indian his prominent and peculiar features of character? Lulled in his cradle by the yell of his war-song, taught in his youth to seek for danger and suffering, merely for the purpose of overcoming the one, and enduring the other. With the stern resolution peculiar to his race—he takes his bow and tomahawk and ranges over the wilderness, with no means of subsistence or defence, but his prowess and courage,—with no shelter but the forest trees, and no home save the rudely constructed hut.

The choice of companions is a subject, to which but little attention is paid by the young. In the season of youth, we are apt to resort to

the society of the gay and thoughtless, without thinking of the consequences which may follow. Yet the companions of a man's youth have a powerful effect in the formation of his character. Ideas which are often presented to the mind, though at first disquieting, will finally be received without displeasure. He who once would have shuddered at the sound of profane language, by hearing it often repeated, learns to use it himself. When the heart is open to temptation, and when the passions are the strongest; a friend on whom we are accustomed to rely, can lead us into almost any excess. Would the young learn to exercise judgment, in the selection of their friends, to give their confidence to no man, however engaging in his appearance, however pleasant a companion he may be, who is not guided by principle; we should seldom hear the complaint,

> "And what is friendship but a name,
> "A charm that lulls to sleep;
> "A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> "But leaves the wretch to weep."

Edwin was the only son of a widowed mother. Nature had endowed him with brilliant talents, and he had the means of cultivating them. To a strong and active mind, he united a heart, warm with the most noble feelings of human nature. As he advanced towards manhood, his mind became enriched with the learning of past ages, his manners were polished by commerce with the world, and his heart expanded with love

to his fellow-men, and gratitude to the author of his being. Young, beautiful and accomplished, he was the object of esteem to all who knew him, and of the most doating tenderness to an affectionate mother. In the circle of Edwin's acquaintance, was a young man by the name of Florio. He possessed, indeed, all the external qualities of Edwin; but his character was far different. He was a votary of dissipation. What the world calls a man of pleasure. But though his breast was the seat of every unbridled passion, his exterior was engaging. He would disguise vice in the robes of virtue, and under the delusive name of innocent pleasure, would present it to the youthful mind, in a form and attitude the most pleasing and the most seducing. Gradually winding himself into the affections of Edwin, he at length obtained complete power over his mind, and implanted in it a distaste for the sober pursuits which had before constituted his happiness. He led him on step by step in the path of vice, till Edwin stood among the first of its votaries.

The society of the wise and good was then exchanged for the company of the abandoned. The solitude of the closet was given up for the burst of revelry. And Edwin sought to drown in the tide of passion and the whirl of dissipation, every thought of the past, and every care for the future. For to the man who has overleaped the bounds of duty, and advanced far in the downward road, how terrible is retrospection?

At first it was with a trembling hand and a palpitating heart, that Edwin entered the haunts of vice. But his better feelings were soon overcome, and he became the foremost in the chase of folly. His hand was the first to grasp the intoxicating bowl. His voice was the loudest at the midnight revel. And his heart was the first to yield to the dictates of passion.

The voice of maternal tenderness, at first had power to check his career. Edwin left for a time the companions of his folly, and resolved never more to join them. But the address of Florio again seduced him from his duty, and he returned with redoubled violence to his former courses. The natural consequences of vice soon overtook him. His health was destroyed by excess. His fortune was squandered at the gaming table. His pretended friends forsook him, and he saw before him a life of disgrace and wretchedness. Had Edwin's guilt brought ruin upon none but himself, he might have borne his sufferings patiently. They might have brought him back to reason, and made him a better and a wiser man. But his mother, she who had devoted the best part of her life to his education, who had made it her only study to administer to his comfort, who relied on him for support through the vale of years; she too must share in his misery, his poverty and disgrace. Unable to bear the sight of her son's sufferings, the mother of Edwin died, and left him a solitary being in the busy world, without one friend to alleviate his miseries. The man who has suffered the loss

of every earthly blessing, may yet look back on his life without the anguish of remorse, if his sufferings have not arisen from his own misconduct. But he whose guilt is the cause of his unhappiness, he whose unkindness has broken the heart of a parent, can never cease to be miserable till memory ceases to act. The mind of Edwin could not sustain the shock of his accumulated misfortunes. Reason was shaken from her throne, and he became deranged. A friendless, pennyless deserted maniac, he was received into an alms house; where he ended a life, which but for the artful conduct of a false friend, might have been spent with honor to himself and advantage to the world. His story affords a melancholy proof of the remark, that "one sinner destroyeth much good."

When the shades of solitude have encompassed a man, when the voice of passion is silent, and the song of pleasure has ceased to vibrate on his ear, when reason is restored to the throne, and every avenue is open to reflection, then, if ever in his days of boyhood he was betrayed into some folly of which he has in vain repented, or led into some error whose consequences he must forever deplore, the remembrance of those days will rush upon his mind. Those scenes will be reacted before his eye. And memory will only add intenseness to the pang of guilt. Disappointment is in itself bitter, but when the remem-

brance of past follies is added to the sense of present suffering, it fills up the measure of the cup of agony. But the medicine, though bitter, is salutary and should be drunk without a murmur. If thou hast lost the hope most dear to thy heart, seek not to overpower the voice of conscience by the noise of the world's folly, or to drown the memory of thy disappointment in the tide of dissipation; but ponder on the vanity of earthly pursuits, and it may be that thy disappointments will lead thee to Him, who chasteneth whom he loveth. For he who has lost his hopes of happiness here, must feel that it is elsewhere to be sought. There is something in disappointment, that forcibly leads the mind to reflect on the delusive nature of earthly pleasures, and on the necessity of fixing its hopes of happiness on a firmer basis than the vanities of this world. While the first burst of grief continues, we may even be tempted to murmur against the hand that has smitten us. But when time has removed the poignancy of sorrow, when we can look around with calmness and resignation, and feel that the hopes which we indulged are blasted forever, then we turn with disgust from the objects of our former desire, and seek for those which are more worthy of our affection. As the ivy which has wound itself around some prop, when that is removed will again entwine itself around some object which will sustain it; so when the heart strings have fastened upon some favorite object and are torn from it with cruel violence, the broken fibres will seek a more

faithful supporter. Who can experience the perfidy of a supposed friend, and not feel that he who puts his trust in man, leaneth upon a bruised reed. Who can be present at that solemn scene when man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets, and not realize that man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. Yes, there is language in disappointment, louder than the voice of the preacher. For it speaks to the heart and not to the reason. O! he who has lost his hopes of happiness here, must indeed feel that they are to be placed elsewhere.

Lo! have I seen an oak of the forest, the pride and beauty of the grove, extending its branches over the surrounding trees ; and giving shelter to the trunk from which it sprang, till the hand of the spoiler laid the axe to its root, and destroyed it,—with the saplings which clung to it for protection.

From labour health, from health contentment springs.
Beattie's Minstrel.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was the decree of Providence towards man. But man has found that sentence which seemed a denunciation of wrath to be his greatest blessing. The labourer by the sweat of his

brow procures not merely the necessaries of life, but that health of body and elasticity of mind necessary to their enjoyment. And they who by their wealth, or the sedentary nature of their pursuits, are prevented from useful toil are compelled to undergo the same labour under the name of exercise.

The beneficial influence of exercise upon the body alone is sufficient to recommend it ; but its effects on the mind is still more advantageous.

Persons of inactive habits, not unfrequently become captious or melancholy. But these evils seldom visit the man of business. The huntsman who ranges the steep mountain side, returns home cheerfully, though his quest may have been unsuccessful. The angler, (though angling can hardly be denominated an exercise) sits down to his evening meal with contentment, though he may have had not even a nibble. The industrious mechanic, too, sleeps soundly after his labour, while the lazy nobleman turns from side to side with restlessness. In short, an inactive man is sure to be fractious, and possessed of an uneasy discontented mind.

The same disposition is often found among those who are diligently employed in some sedentary pursuit, but neglect to take proper care of their health.

Going the other day to a fellow student's room, I found him dozing over the fire, bitterly complaining about the weather and the lesson, and out of humor with himself and every thing around him. Upon my proposing a walk he refused it,

at once declaring that the effort would be too much for him, and that he had not done such a thing within the last six months. This person, notwithstanding his occasional ill humor, is possessed of a disposition naturally amiable; but being totally engrossed by one object, the acquisition of knowledge, thinks it unnecessary to take care of the body. Such persons would do well to remember, that strength and health are indispensable to the prosecution of study; and that he who is careless of his health is scarcely less culpable than he who neglects the cultivation of his mind.

Besides, this course of conduct is directly contrary to the path of interest, considering only the acquisition of learning. For how can he whose frame is inactive and drowsy, and whose intellect is continually fatigued, attend to his studies with advantage.

And certainly he who studies without exercise, can find few pleasant flowers in the field of science, except such as grow around the mole-hill of ambition. He must be a stranger to the pure delight which visits the breast of him, who prepares his body for study by healthful exertions, who stops for a time, the rotation of the intellectual machine that its springs may recover their elastic power, and that it may move on with greater energy and ease.

If then excercise, by invigorating the body and keeping the mind in a state proper for close application, makes the path of science more pleasant, and smooths down those rugged places,

which it is so difficult to surmount, and if too it has a beneficial influence upon the disposition, let none neglect it; let the hours of exercise be as regular as those of study or recitation. Then the student will return to his books with more and more enjoyment, and the circle of duties will revolve with regularity and ease.

"A soul that pity touched but never shook,
"Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
"The fierce extremes of good and ill to bear,
"Impassive; fearing but the shame of fear,
"A stoic of the woods; a man without a tear."
Campbell.

They who are acquainted with the history of Massachusetts, know that the settlers on the banks of the Connecticut were much harrassed by the Indians. The farmer when clearing his land, found the musket as necessary a companion as the axe; and was often necessitated to quit his labour and defend himself against the savage. The milk maid dare not attempt to perform her task, unless a brother or father stood by. "The yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture" were sounds not unfrequent, and the midnight conflagration often swept away the "log-house upon the mountain." When many of the unfortunate settlers had been cut off in this manner, a large party of Indians fell upon the village of Deerfield, and totally destroyed it; carrying off many of the inhabitants. The little

hamlet, which at sunset was peaceful and apparently secure, the morning found a burned and bloody ruin. The houses were consumed, and the bones of their unfortunate possessors, long afterwards, seen bleaching among their ashes. Yet happy were they who perished in the conflagration, compared with those who were carried into captivity by the savages. But I will not attempt to describe their sufferings. It would seem exaggeration. He who has heard from his infancy the venerable grey headed veterans of those days, relating with deep interest, which the memory of former dangers and escapes excites in the breast of age, the history of those events may realize their truth; but they will sound strangely to him who is unacquainted with those transactions, save through the medium of books.

It may well be supposed that events of this description would not soon be forgotten. Tradition has preserved with more than usual accuracy the particulars of the lamentable story. Often have I sat, listening to the narrative of Indian cruelty, till my heated fancy would people with savages the entry through which I retired to rest. Often, when awake on my couch, as memory rested on the stories I had heard, would I shroud my face tremblingly in the coverlet, lest I should see the scalping knife or tomahawk brandished over me : and I question whether there be a child in that section of the country who has not suffered from the same fears.

But the Indians have left many marks of their desperate resistance to the settlers, besides the

legends of tradition. The ploughman often turns up in his furrow the weapons of savage warfare; and not less frequently the bones of the savage or of his victim. An ancient fort, built by the settlers, is yet standing, with the marks of the hatchet thick upon its door, and many bullets in its walls. But there is one deed of Indian cruelty, which will be held in long and sad remembrance, when perhaps their other actions have gone into oblivion. At the burning of Deerfield, a beautiful female was carried to a little distance from the village, wounded and scalped, and left for dead upon the ground. But the wound did not sink deep enough. The knife did not do its office. Life, after a time returned. The happy sleep of insensibility was soon over; and she awoke to lament in agony that she was not left to die. Friendly hands soon found her, and conveyed her to the habitation of the whites. Medical aid was applied, and succeeded but too well,—sufficiently well to prevent the sufferer's release from misery, but not to restore her to health. A couch of never ceasing pain was all that remained to her of the world. Life was a tedious burthen; for all its pleasures were beyond her reach. Even the society of friends could not be enjoyed; for she knew that her situation was to them a source of constant unhappiness. Thus for seventeen years her spirit was chained down to its maimed and half lifeless prison of flesh, with no hope but that of speedy dissolution. The imagination of man shrinks back with horror, even at the recital of such

scenes as these. But when his eye and ear are made to witness them, something more than horror is produced. It is an intense and agonizing sensation of pity,—a consciousness of existing misery far beyond the power of alleviation.

Question.—"Were our forefathers justifiable in taking possession of this country, in the manner they did?"

Few can examine this subject with perfect impartiality. Many find it difficult to acknowledge that the men from whom they have been accustomed to boast their descent, were violating the rights of justice when they took possession of this country; and that the very ground they cultivate belongs to the degraded savage. Others have dwelt on the cruelty of the settlers, and the wrongs and sufferings of the Indian, until their feelings became strongly enlisted on his side.

How did our forefathers take possession of this country. Surely they did not purchase it. Though there was sometimes the semblance of a bargain, no just and equal contract passed between the settlers and the Indians. The white man offered the Indian a price for his land. If he accepted it was well. If he did not the land was taken from him. The Indian knew that it was for his interest to accept whatever was offered him for that property, of which he would otherwise be forcibly deprived. But even had

the Indian been willing to accept the offered price, the contracts would have been grossly unjust. The simple child of the forest, unacquainted with European toys, and having very imperfect ideas of property, was easily prevailed upon to part with large tracts of land for a useless trifle. Neither did he know what the effects of permitting the whiteman to settle on his land would be. He could not have imagined that thousands more would follow demanding the same privilege, and enforcing their demand at the point of the bayonet. Thus he sold his forests under the influence of fear, for a price very far beneath their value, without the most distant idea of the effects of sale. On what principles can such bargains be justified.

It may be said that the settlers had a right to take possession of the country by force, on the ground that the whole territory was not necessary to the support of the native inhabitants. But the territory was indispensably necessary to the Indian hunter—the loss of his forests was what the loss of his meadows and cornfields would be to the farmer. By diminishing the area of his hunting ground, the settlers were destroying the Indian population. Life can be supported by hunting and fishing only when a small number of inhabitants are scattered over a vast extent of country. I know of no better right which our forefathers had to possess themselves of the country inhabited by the natives, because it was not all needed by them, than my neighbor has to take from me my farm, because it is not all ne-

cessary to support my family, or because I choose to leave part of it uncultivated for the purpose of hunting. Had it been possible for the Europeans to have brought the natives to a civilized state, and persuaded them to cultivate the soil for their subsistance, the country would have been more than sufficient for their support. But their present deplorable condition shews that this was not done, and that the strength of the Indian tribes has withered away as their forests fell before the axe of the white man.

If we look over the history of the Indian wars, we shall find many transactions, in which, it seemed, that our fathers had caught the brutal spirit of their enemies. Often did they massacre the remnant of the savage bands, when victory had decided in their favour, and no benefit could result from their destruction. Often, did they burn defenceless women and children, in their weekwams, when humanity and religion cried loudly for their rescue. These are the deeds for which our fathers are worthy of censure, and not for defending themselves against the attacks of Indians. Deeds, at which pity shudders to hear —deeds, which make the American blush for what his ancestors have done. We should remember, too, that the Indians have no eloquent historians to portray their sufferings. The side of the picture presented to our view is drawn by the white man; but the dark glimpses, which we do catch of the other, are sufficient to make us rejoice that we can see no more. The conduct of our progenitors, towards the natives, is

the foulest blot on our national escutcheon. The Indian tribes stand a deplorable monument of our cruelty and injustice, and forcibly demand our sympathy and assistance.

Question—Which can be made the most useful, wealth or learning?

Had this question been put in the dark ages, when there were few literary or benevolent institutions, which wealth might build up, it might have received an answer different from that, which will be given at the present day. For now, so numerous are the channels, through which wealth may be conducive to the extension of knowledge and religion, that it becomes somewhat difficult to decide.

The usefulness of wealth and learning are connected. Wealth never does so much good as when joined with learning; and the influence of learning is much increased by wealth.

If we separate them and consider each as acting independently of the other, the question is determined. For the debasing effects of wealth upon the moral character are well known.

Suppose a rich man to be totally destitute of learning. To what useful purposes can his wealth be devoted? It can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, administer the comforts of medicine to the sick, and set the unfortunate debtor free from prison. In addition to this, it

can found schools and colleges, and send the blessings of civilization and christianity to the desolate parts of the world. But these last mentioned effects it can produce only, when it acts in conjunction with learning.

Again, suppose a man of learning to be totally destitute of wealth. Can he not, particularly, if he has made the character of man his study, and become deeply acquainted with the many springs of human action, exert upon his surrounding fellow-men, an influence, perhaps full as powerful, and far more salutary than his rich, but ignorant neighbour? By his knowledge, the ignorant may be instructed. The stubborn may be overcome by his arguments. Guilt may be made to tremble before his eloquence. The vicious may be reclaimed, and the virtuous encouraged by his writings, which he may bequeath to future generations, as a legacy, more valuable than the wealth of India. And this he can do with little or no assistance from wealth. While the most beneficial effects of wealth are those, which it produces when acting in conjunction with learning. Rather would I be the poor wise man, who by his wisdom, delivered the city, than the heir of wealth and ignorance.

Why do they, who defend the other side of this question, act so inconsistently as to spend their days in the pursuit of knowledge. For, if knowledge cannot render them so extensively useful as the possession of wealth, and if it be their duty to be as serviceable to mankind as possible, they should leave the study and the re-

citation room, and betake themselves to the merchant's counter, or some other place where they can acquire property.

As much as the wants of the intellect demand relief in preference to those of the body, as much as the influence of learning upon the character is more beneficial than that of wealth, so much can the former be made more useful than the latter.

By physical causes is intended every thing, which is found in the aspect of a country; including climate, soil, natural scenery, and maritime or inland situation. Moral causes are those which act directly upon the character, such as the form of government, religion, literary, and civil institutions.

Both have a powerful influence. Owing to the striking effect of the former, some nations have preserved their prominent features of character, for a succession of centuries. The Scotch Highlanders have ever been the same athletic, resolute, independent people; and ever since history began to record the actions and characters of men, the oriental nations have been dissolved in luxury. The latter have often been found strong enough to work an entire revolution in national character.

The changes, which nations undergo, when the physical causes, which act upon them remain unaltered, seem to be a striking proof of

the superiour influence of moral causes. Italy, the cradle of the arts and sciences, the birth place of all that is noble in our nature, has now the same loveliness of scenery, the same fertile soil, the same soft climate as in the days of her Cæsar and Tully, when her empire was undisputed and the monarchs of the earth thought themselves honoured by being called her slaves. Yet now no powerful emperor sits on the throne of Rome. No Belisarius leads her armies to the field. The Sabine farm listens not now to the sweet morality or pungent satire of its former possessor; and the Mantuan plains are no longer cultivated by their immortal shepherd. The Roman Eagle stooped to take up "the goodly Babylonish garment and the shekels of silver;" which she found in the camp of her conquered enemies, and then the solid foundations of her power began to crumble. Here is a moral cause, viz. the introduction of luxury and the extension of empire beyond its proper limits, which brought to the ground the mightiest political fabric, that was ever erected, while the same physical causes, which assisted its rise were in full action and yet unable to prevent its fall. How could this be if physical causes are the more powerful? I might mention Greece, and tell how the noblest scenes of Grecian heroism have become the scenes of voluptuousness and sensuality; and how the descendants of those very men, who rushed to battle, on the plains of Platea and Marathon and Thermopylæ, are slaves; yea, slaves to a eunuch—slaves to the pander of a Turk-

ish debauchee. Yet the blue waves, which break below the tomb of Themistocles, are the same that rolled there, when the hero lead the Grecian fleet over them to the destruction of the Persian forces; and every physical cause remains the same. I might appeal to Troy and ask whether all the physical causes, which were in operation when Hector and Æneas defended her walls are not still active. But these instances are always brought forward in considering this question, and it would seem like servile imitation to dwell longer upon them.

It may be said that moral causes grow out of physical, and that the importance, which is ascribed to the former, in truth belongs to the latter. For example, a luxuriant soil, which is a physical cause, renders the means of subsistance easily attainable, and thus introduces luxury, which is a moral cause. This is true; but it is likewise true, that there are moral causes, which are not thus connected with physical. When gold and silver coin was introduced into Sparta what physical cause was concerned?

The inferior power of these causes is evident also from the fact, that where they act equally upon different nations the effects which they produce are unequal. France and England are near neighbours, and the physical causes, which act upon them are nearly the same, but their characters are very dissimilar. The inhabitants of the south of France are the most gay and volatile people in the world; but just cross the Alps and you will find men of a different character,

exactly the reverse. Thus, we see "lands intersected by a narrow frith" as different in the character of their inhabitants as those on opposite sides of the globe.

We shall be yet more clearly convinced of the superiour force of moral causes if we consider that great nations burst into life under all the possible varieties of physical causes: and also that brilliant geniuses arise among almost every people. The poetry of Hindoostan, is scarcely inferiour to that of Greece or Italy; and it is not long since Iceland possessed a poet, perhaps equal to Homer. Military genius too is not confined to Macedon or Carthage. The frozen North has sent forth a Peter and a Charles XII. France still boasts the war-like Emperor of St. Helena, and our own country's greatest hero was not less a conqueror than the son of Philip.

But whether the arguments, which have now been adduced be deemed sufficient or not, there remains one which sets the point at rest forever. There is a race of men, who, for almost two thousand years, have been dispersed through all the nations of the globe and thus exposed to every variety of soil, climate, scenery and civil institutions, and yet they preserve, exactly, the same character under all this infinite diversity of circumstances. I mean the Jews. Tell me why it is that this nation presents such an impenetrable front to physical causes. It is because the strongest of all moral causes, their religious faith, exerts such a commanding influ-

ence upon them, that the force of physical causes sinks into impotence.

When our country, like the despised shepherd boy of Scripture opposed its sling and stones to the giant power of Britain, then the Goliah of Europe, the weaver's beam of the Philistine, was harmless, though aided by strong physical causes: and such will always be the case while we preserve a pure and elevated standard of moral feeling.

Question—Are College appointments beneficial?

This is a delicate question. The non-appointee fears to defend the negative, lest the unwelcome phrase "sour grapes," be whispered in his ear; and the appointee can hardly rise, and tell the faculty that the honour they have conferred upon him is, in his opinion, detrimental.

On the one side, it will be urged that appointments give rise to much strife and envy, and when obtained, to an intolerable degree of self-conceit; that when given to the undeserving, (as they sometimes unavoidably must be,) they raise him too high in his own opinion; and that when withheld from him, on whom they ought in justice to have been conferred, he entertains too low an idea of himself.

On the other side, it will be stated, that they excite a proper degree of emulation, induce hab-

its of close application, and properly distinguish the studious from the idle.

It must be confessed that there is something very disgusting in the conduct of one, who is seeking for an appointment. I have seen a student sit down, after having made some slight mistake in recitation, with a pallid cheek, a tearful eye and a trembling frame, and never holding up his head again, till he had redeemed his forfeited honour. I have seen him crouching and bowing to every one in his class, that he might obtain their precious votes. I have seen him too, when he has passed through the fiery furnace of mathematical inquisition and come out polished with an oration or dispute, walk by me with a distended nostril, a pompous curl of the under lip, and an irregular jerk of the knee joints, which spoke as plainly as knee joints, could speak, the usual language of appointees, "cave adsum."

It must be confessed that an inordinate desire of college honours has been the ruin of some men. The great missionary, Henry Martyn, who died in the midst of his usefulness, destroyed his constitution, by intense study at college, where he obtained the highest possible honour, tantamount to our valedictory, the "ne plus ultra" of appointees. The indefatigable Buchannan, the Evangelist of India, was often interrupted in his bright career by a pectoral complaint, which he attributed to nocturnal application, while at the university. How many a youth bears away the brightest laurels of this institu-

tion and then dies with a consumption. When I see the successful candidate for the valedictory come on to the stage with that hectic flush of the cheek which indicates the cold hand of disease within, I think that "he pays too dear for his whistle."

He who has set his heart upon obtaining "the bubble reputation" of an appointment and is disappointed, makes a figure but little less ridiculous, than his successful, self-sufficient neighbour, who was more fortunate in concealing his borrowed mathematics, and a more complete adept in the occult science of skinning.

Appointments however, do certainly give rise to studious habits, tend to restrain young men from gross vices, and make a distinction between the diligent and the indolent, which is very proper, and we certainly cannot wish for their abolition, though we must acknowledge, that like all other human institutions, they are subject to manifold evils.

The higher appointees are generally puffed up with pride—the lower not unfrequently depressed with vexation. It is he, who is just between these two extremes, who receives nearly all the good effects produced by appointments. He has honour enough to assure him that he is not despicable, but not enough to excite his vanity, or so little as to produce mortification and disappointment.

From the slight view I have given the subject, I am persuaded this is the true state of the case,

and that somewhere *near the first colloquy*, we find the real "auream mediocritatem."

I will take the liberty to add a word of consolation to my friends the non-appointees, whose stern gathering brows are strongly contrasted with the open phisiognomy of their highly honoured brethren. Be not discouraged. The greatest theologian in Connecticut, was quite unnoticed while in college. One of the greatest lawyers in this State, was considered below par, as to scholarship. Take hearts of grace. If ill health, or bodily infirmity, or misfortune has kept thee in the back ground, remember that college life is but a small part of human existence, and that thou mayest shine in the world while those who eclipsed thee here are forgotten and unknown. But if thou hast been "(heu mihi) quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in arvo," ———spending thy days in idleness and thy nights in revelry consider thy ways and reform; improve diligently the remnant of thy college life; set thy ambition upon something higher than the comparatively insignificant distinctions of this institution and show the world that a non-appointee can become a useful and distinguished man.

An important discovery.—From the three-legged stool of Will Winkle.

When I was a child, I was one Sabbath evening reciting my catechism, and instead of re-

peating the third commandment, as it is written, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Supreme Being in vain," I gave it, "Thou shalt take"—upon which my venerable instructor explained the true signification of the command, and expatiated on the wickedness of reading the Scriptures without attending to their real import, in so affectionate a manner, that I never forgot the occurrence. From the language of the young men at the present day, I am persuaded that many have fallen into the same mistake, without the good fortune to be corrected as I was. A friend of mine to whom I mentioned the circumstance had so little knowledge of human nature as to imagine that the true signification of the command was generally known, and that men used profane language, from choice and not from a sense of duty, and all my reasoning could not change his opinion. But to suppose that any man in his right mind should adopt a habit so unpleasant and indecent as profane swearing, unless he is compelled to do so by some high and commanding principle, is doing violence to common sense. No one can doubt it for a moment. I am inclined to think also that the theologians of New-England have imbibed the same sentiments, though I have never happened to hear any sermons, which inculcated the use of profane language as a duty. Certainly this is the case with our legislators and rulers; else profane swearers would be punished in a most exemplary manner. It becomes, therefore, my high duty to announce to my fel-

low students, to my country and the world, the hitherto unsuspected fact that the third article of the decalogue is a prohibition and not a command. I have not the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of this assertion. I have carefully examined all the English, Latin and Greek versions of the sacred writing, and having some smattering of Hebrew, I have dwelt long and critically on the original, and the more I examine, the more I am strengehened in my opinion.

If the names of distinguished warriors, politicians, and scholars, are remembered by posterity with respect, what will be the honour bestowed on him, who has made such a discovery in Theology, and effected an entire revolution in the language of his fellow men. They who have been slavishly punctilious in the use of profane language may find some difficulty in breaking from it. To these I would recommend a practice, which they will find excessively efficacious. It is no other than the use of the words "platter and spoon," in lieu of the terms generally employed. As for example, "platter your soul"—"platter your eyes"—platter your soul to spoon." In this way they will get rid of the habit of swearing without the least difficulty, and join the rest of the world in admiring Will Winkle, who made this wonderful discovery.

The Village Bride.

"O weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
"In life's happy morning has hid from our eyes;
"E'er sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
"Or chain'd to the earth what was born for the skies.
"O, weep not for her, the young bride of the vale,
"The gayest and loveliest, gone from us now,
"E'er life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
"And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow."

Moore.

During the last autumnal vacation I was riding through one of the beautiful villages that adorn the verdant banks of the Connecticut, when the heavy tolling of a bell struck upon my ear. I had spent the early part of my boyhood in the village, and felt desirous of knowing for whom this solemn knell was sounding. On being informed, I repaired immediately to the church yard. The procession had already arrived. The pall was removed from the coffin, and preparations were making to consign it to the earth.

The deceased was one, whom I had often seen in the pride of youth and gaiety and loveliness, possessing in an eminent degree all the fascinations of the female sex. Her parents had died in her infancy, and left their orphan child with a large fortune, to the guardianship of a distant relation. In the house of this guardian, the years of her youth rolled pleasantly away. She had no wish ungratified. No cloud of care or sorrow shaded the sunny landscape, which the world presented. She was the envied rival of her fe-

male companions, and the admiration of all the village youth. Where there is innocence, there is always, happiness. Where all possible means of obtaining happiness are joined with innocence, and every object is seen by the light of eager anticipation, who can describe the exulting sense with which the young enter upon life. Among the crowd of her admirers was one, who possessed all the accomplishments calculated to please a village belle. When the years of her minority expired, and she became the mistress of her own person and fortune, she was about to entrust them both to this favoured lover, but the selfishness of her guardian continually presented obstacles, apparently insurmountable. This high spirited Leander, however, was not to be daunted. He dashed aside the waves which separated his heroine; eloped with her from her guardian's house—made her his bride, and returned to laugh at the baffled malice of his enemies. Their residence became the scene of uninterrupted pleasure. Possessing all the luxuries and elegancies of life, and that too in the heat of youth, they could not but be happy. Thus glided on the first few months of their wedlock, when the angel of death entered their dwelling.

The funeral ceremonies proceeded. The solemn voice of the clergyman—the melancholy stillness of the by-standers—and the dilating, phrenzied eyes and livid paleness of the chief mourner, were deeply affecting. No sound came from his lips. He stood as mute and motionless as the lifeless form of her whom he had lost, until

the loved remains were lowered into the grave, and the earth began to close it up forever. Then the whole agony of his soul burst forth. He clasped his hands above his head with the convulsive motion of helpless despair, and uttered a wild and thrilling shriek, which rang in my ears for many hours.

There is something in such a scene, which makes its way directly to the heart. We may turn away in contempt from the voice of the preacher; we may even disregard the lively oracles of Heaven, and when we see the aged and infirm going to their "long home," we may say that it is the lot of human nature—that they have outlived their usefulness and happiness, and that death is welcome; but when we come to the tomb of one whom we have seen in life, mingling in all its pleasures, and leaving it when it was most fascinating and most capable of giving delight; and when too we see the desolate husband standing by her grave, and hearing the clods of the valley rattle upon her coffin, the obduracy of the stoutest mind is melted down, and the full heart swells almost to bursting.

I rode precipitately from this scene of suffering, but I could not escape from the reflections which it inspired. What, I asked myself, were the pomp, the splendour, the pleasures, riches, and honours of a world, whose brightest distinctions and highest enjoyments terminate in a scene like this? What will the diadem of the warrior or the laurel of the scholar avail those who won them, when life is ended? Will the form of

that which once was beautiful, sleep more sweetly in its shroud, because it has been admired and flattered ?

"Can storied urn or animated bust
"Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
"Can honour's voice awake the silent dust ?
"Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?"
Gray.

I asked myself too, how atheistical principles would support either the sufferer or the mourner through such trials, trials which we must all undergo, how distant soever they now appear—clouds which like that the prophet beheld, will come on and overshadow the sky, though they now seem but specks in the distant horizon. Let the blind votary of chance go to the mourner, as he stands, in the anguish of his soul, over the tomb of a buried friend, and tell him, that friend will never burst her lonely prison ; and that when her body ceased to act, the bright flame which lighted it up was for ever extinguished. O, the noblest triumph of revealed truth is the consolation it gives to man in situations like this ; assuring him that the separation which the tomb can make, is but temporary, and thus disarming death of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

Often, when engaged in the chase of some trifle, with all the impetuosity of youth, the remembrance of this funeral has checked my ardour, by the reflection, that success will profit me nothing, when I lay my head on the same cold pillow with the lamented young bride of the village.

Is it consistent with the Christian character to dispute about forms of worship?

I know not exactly what is here meant by forms of worship. The Mussulmen have one form of worship—the Hindoos another. It is unquestionably the Christian's duty to labour for the subversion of both the Mahometan and Hindostan forms; and this cannot be done without discussion and dispute.

But if we suppose the question to mean, "is it consistent with the character of Christians to dispute among themselves about forms of worship," it assumes a different aspect. For example, ought a Presbyterian and Episcopalian, who agree essentially on all doctrinal points, to dispute concerning their respective forms of worship? Here we strike the inquiry, "are these differences in form of sufficient consequence to merit investigation." By man, every thing which relates to his Creator should be regarded with the deepest interest. It is the great object of his existence here. It constitutes the felicity of the world above. Since there are forms of worship, it becomes him to look into the sure word of prophecy, and inquire which has the sanction of divine authority. If in this examination he can be assisted by commentators, it his duty to use them. If he can be farther aided by cool and candid discussion, why not resort to it? With the view of ascertaining the truth, the Christian can, consistently, enter into dispute concerning forms of worship; but

when this object is exchanged for the desire of making proselytes, it appears to me that it is departing from the line of duty. Most men have imbibed the opinions of their parents, and

> "A man convinc'd against his will,
> "Is of the same opinion still."

The disputants also, too often lose sight of all candour and Christian charity, in the ardour of debate, and engage in the combat "pugnis et calcibus." Most of us probably recollect witnessing a paper duel of this description. The Presbyterian commenced the attack with an allegory. This his opponent parried with an invective. Again the assailant came on with a reproof, which seemed to take effect. But his antagonist soon recovered his guard, and thrust him to the heart with an argument

Six or eight years ago an Episcopal society was formed in my native village. Then farewell, a long farewell to all peace and quietness. The friendly intercourse of neighbours was embittered by religious controversy. Each party waxed more and more confident of the correctness of their own sentiments; and more and more sensible of the pernicious tendency of those entertained by the opposite sect. Politics and the usual village gossip were thrown aside. In the barroom you might hear the great men of the village, over their cups, setting forth the dreadful consequences of not using the prayer-book, or inveighing against the heretical practice of kneel-

ing at church with all the zeal of Knox or Luther. The boys caught the spirit of their fathers. In the school, which I then attended, every little urchin was zealously affected. Being unable to procure conviction by argument, we resorted to the more chivalrous method of deciding the contest by violence. Many hard battles were fought, and I recollect receiving many severe blows, in defence of the Presbyterian faith. Such was the state of the village for a long time. The different sects remained drawn up in their intrenchments, and eyeing each other whenever they met, like the retainers of two hostile Scottish chieftains. Disputes of the same kind too often produce similar evils. The parties forget themselves, "and compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte."

If this be the case, surely it is inconsistent with the Christian character to engage in disputes, which relate merely to outward ceremonies.

Happily for our country, as the true spirit of religion is extending its influence, bigotry and intolerance are dying away. A Presbyterian does not feel himself contaminated by entering a church in which is an organ; neither does an Episcopalian think his soul endangered by listening to an extemporaneous prayer.

Nothing, certainly, should be done to change this state of things. Christians, at the present day, have a wide field for the exercise of their zeal, and ought not to waste their time in disputing about forms of worship.

Was the last War just and politic?

The veil which prejudice has woven round this subject, is of so firm a texture, that few can penetrate it. This is a question which, not long since, aroused all the bitterness of party spirit, and on which the opinion of almost every one is unalterably fixed.

The reasons assigned for declaring war, were, the impressment of our seamen, the disrespect shown to our flag, and the orders in council for the blockade of French ports.

Unquestionably, our sailors were often impressed, but in every instance when complaint was made to the English government, redress was immediately granted, and the officers who impressed American seamen were always punished.

It is said that the American flag was not respected; that our vessels were insulted, our sailors abused; and that some decided step was necessary, to show the world that we would not tamely submit to insult. But why punish England for the faults of the whole world? Why not declare war against France or Spain, as well as Great Britain?

Again, it is urged that England had no right to blockade the ports of France as she did, and thereby materially injure our commerce. But I beg to know if England had not as good a right to blockade the ports of France, as France to blockade those of England? And if we were bound

to make war upon the latter on this account, why not also upon the former, who was equally culpable. During the whole of these transactions, our government was very angry with Great Britain, but wonderfully accommodating to France. Uncle Samuel suffered this jilt to do with him what she pleased, but if old Mrs. England spoke a word he was up in arms directly. Alas! Alas! the good old gentleman was fast falling asleep in the lap of this Delilah, and had he not been prevented, she would soon have had her scissors among his locks.

Had our commerce really been injured, as was pretended, we should have heard loud calls for the war from our merchants. But such was not the case. The advocates for the war were found not in our mercantile cities, not among our merchants and seamen, but in the back States. Here we see the men, who, owning not a plank on the ocean, are very fearful that our commerce will suffer; and having no kind of connection with sea-faring men, are yet exquisitely alive to the sufferings of impressed seamen.

Had the war been undertaken for the reasons which have been mentioned, our government would have persisted in it, until they had obtained their object; but in the treaty concluded with Great Britain, at the close of the war, no provision is made against similar grievances in future. So that we are as much exposed to them now as before.

All this goes to prove, that there was some other cause for the war; some secret principle,

which influenced our rulers, beside compassion for impressed seamen, or regard to our commerce or honour. For this secret cause we must look to France. Napoleon, while he was trampling the liberties of Europe under his feet, had not forgotten this asylum of freedom in the West. Here he had planted a party ; a cancer which was eating into the very stomach of our nation. This Abimilec was trying to bring us under the shadow of his bramble ; and had not Russia cast such a millstone upon his neck, we know not how well he would have succeeded. Now what shall we say of the justice and policy of this war ? Was it just to waste the blood of American freemen in the service of a French tyrant ? Was it politic to throw away so much treasure and so many lives, and yet give up the contest, before we had attained one iota of the object, for which we set out ?

But, says my opponent, consider the honour, the glory which we have acquired by this war ; and when I ask for an example, he will, perhaps, point me to Washington, and show me the British troops demolishing our public buildings, and the head of our nation himself, the prime conductor of our political apparatus, the redoubtable Don Quixote of the south, flying from his capitol, like a frightened school-boy from a grave yard, with all his sanchos fast following in the rear. Far be it from me to say any thing derogatory to the honour of the heroes who figured in the last war ; but, says honest Jack Falstaff, who was, at least, as valuable a soldier as our quondam President,

"can honour set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take way the grief of a wound? No. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon, and therefore I'll none of it."

O that I had the art of easy writing
What would be easy reading; could I scale
Parnassus, where the muses sit, indicting
Those pretty poems, never known to fail;
How quickly would I print, (the world delighting,)
Some Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

Byron.

When we consider the importance of a good style of writing to a literary man, the neglect with which the subject is treated at this seminary, appears truly astonishing. Month after month is spent upon the lessons, but to devote a week or even a day to writing is an unusual thing.

By the students the blame is thrown upon the Faculty. We have, say they, no time to attend to composition. Every moment is otherwise employed. You bid us write, but give us no leisure. You require of us brick, but provide us no straw. In part, this is correct. It is true that the lessons demand the principal part of our time, and I have no doubt that the faculty would allow us more leisure for composition did they not fear, that by many it would be wasted. I have always had some shrewd suspicions, however, that the Faculty would not be very much displeased

with a student if he should occasionally steal an hour or two from his lesson and devote it to writing. I am bold to say that they are better pleased to see a person barely a decent scholar, and at the same time possessed of an elegant style ; than a perfect master of his lessons and a miserable composuist. If all the lessons cannot be learned without neglecting this subject, let some of them remain untouched.

Most of us have an eye upon the profession either of law or divinity. To us, therefore, the attainment of a handsome style is a matter of no small moment. Without it, we can neither become useful nor rise to any degree of eminence. The lawyer cannot convince a jury of his clients innocence by his knowledge of the latin classics, or the ramifications of Greek verbs. An acquaintance with the spheric laws will but poorly help a preacher through his sermon ; and when he stands by the bed of death, it will be of little service to the dying man, to tell him of the properties of the hyperbola, or the relation of the subtense of the angle of contact to the conterminous arch. An elegant style must be added to a knowledge of these sciences. This is the key stone of the arch, the column which crowns the edifice, giving strength and beauty to the whole. However perfect the student may be in his studies,—however extensive his knowledge, if he be destitute of this, we must still say of him, "mene tekel." It well becomes us then, to enquire what is the means to be used in order to obtain so desirable an object.

Here I must take leave of some of my fellow students with whom I have travelled thus far very peaceably. I refer to those who wish to alter the present mode of collegiate education, by throwing aside the mathematics and languages, and devoting nearly all the time to writing and speaking. It has become very fashionable to declaim against the length of time here devoted to the mathematics, and to say that it might be better employed, but I apprehend that if we lay aside our self conceit and look at the subject with candour, we shall find that this time is by no means wasted. The character of a student is forming. At college his mind receives impressions which are never effaced; and I desire to know how he, who has never been accustomed to unravel intricate subjects can explain difficult points in law or theology? Cast a man into the ocean before he has learned to swim—put Phæton into the chariot of Phoebus while he knows not how to manage the reins—but let not a preacher enter the sacred desk until his mind is strengthened by long and vigorous application. With regard to the classics, if there be any set of books, which ought to be perused by him, who wishes to become a fine writer, it is this. None will more powerfully assist him either by storing his mind with beautiful allusions, or giving him an intimate acquaintance with the construction of language, or a delicate turn of thought and expression. Besides a knowledge of the Greek and Latin language is the only key which will let him into the treasure chambers of

ancient literature. They who wish to have the mathematics and classics neglected, would do well to remember that the persons who are entrusted with the government of college, and who are probably almost as wise as themselves, have taken this subject into consideration ; and I would advise them "to tarry at Jericho until their beards be grown," before they give advice to men older and better informed than themselves. I adopt the opinions of no man, however superior to me in knowledge or experience. I crouch to no man, though he have the learning of Archimedes, the wisdom of Solomon, and the power of Cæsar: but when I have entered a literary institution, I think a proper respect to its officers should deter me from endeavouring to change the course of study. Were this system adopted, a kind of literary toleration would ensue, and this college would be in a worse situation than the state. But enough of these wiseacres.

It is worthy of remark that a style merely correct, though it may answer for the deep scholar who intends to write only upon abstruse subjects, is not calculated for the learned professions. There we want a style, bold, animated and full of feeling. The style in which a man writes is a good index of his character. If his thoughts be habitually low and vulgar, they will appear so when committed to paper. If he write in a chaste and elevated style, we may be sure that he is possessed of delicate and noble feelings. A perfect acquaintance with the rules of grammar and rhetoric, and a vast fund of general

knowledge are indispensably requisite to elegant writing; but all this will be comparatively useless to the lawyer and preacher without one other qualification, that is, intense feeling. It is not enough that you have built your mill; you must have water to work it. It is not enough that you have built your ship; you must have a strong current to bear it along. If we mean at the bar, to defend the cause of innocence with success, or bring down just punishment on the guilty; if we mean in the pulpit to speak the denunciations of a broken law, or give the invitations of mercy with effect; if we mean to shine as stars of the first magnitude in the literary firmament, we must possess exquisite sensibility. Were I asked how this is to be obtained, I would bid the inquirer look at those men who have distinguished themselves by their writings, and see how they spend their lives. Where is Addison? Not always in his study; not always buried among books and papers; but sometimes at the country seat of his friend Sir Roger: walking beneath its groves,—climbing its mountains, or chasing the fox over its meadows. Here it was that Addison acquired that spirit which gave such beauty to his writings. Where is Irving? rambling over the beautiful scenery of his native state—tearing the veil from the most hidden charms of nature, and gazing on them with the ardour of a lover—leaning over the deck of the vessel that wafts him onward, and listening to hear deep call unto deep; wandering over the venerable ruins of Westminster Abbey—or standing

by the tomb of Shakspeare and catching the same spirit, which animated that bard. There is something in scenes like these, which awakens the finer feelings of the heart. Many a silent chord there is in the human breast, which would vibrate strongly were it but once touched.

The perusal of works of the imagination, likewise is of great assistance in the acquisition of a good style.

I have also heard visiting the ladies recommended to those who wish to increase their stock of sensibility; but on this point I have neither time nor experience sufficient to enlarge.

If the means before mentioned be used, the writer when he takes up his pen will have "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," at his command and animation in writing as well as speaking, covers a thousand defects.

Is it probable that the United States will long preserve its present form of government?

Surrounded as we are with the ruins of other republics, we may well tremble for our own. Time, while it sweeps away the handy works of man, demolishes likewise the proudest monuments of his political skill:

The years of his liberty have been

"Like angels' visits few and far between,"

while those of his bondage were long and fre-

quent. If our republic follows the fate of others, it must fall. Analogical reasoning, however is at best but weak. We know the causes which wrought the ruin of other republics. It was not the lapse of years merely. It was not external force. Not the mere increase of the nation in wealth, or commerce, or population, or extent of territory. The serpent was within the garden. The basis of a republic is the virtue of its citizens, and when this basis is corroded, the republic cannot stand. For our own country there is reason to fear. Instead of the hardy young men of old time, we see an effeminate generation of dandies. We see every where the rapid progress of luxury. We see the dark tide of southern slavery fast gaining on the dry land of freedom, and rolling over even the states newly admitted to the Union. If these things continue thus, our republic must fall. Her greatness and her glory like that of Venice, will be laid in the dust, and before long some other Byron will stand among its ruins and lament over them. As our country increases in wealth, these evils will grow more and more formidable, and it is to be feared all the efforts of the wise and good will be insufficient to check them. One hope there is, however, to which the patriot can cling, and that is the influence of religion. If America is saved from the fate of other republics—if it is her high destiny to be the first nation which has preserved a republican form of government through the lapse of ages, she will owe it to the influence of the gospel. Human

legislation can only oppose the feeble barriers of law to the flood of luxury and corruption; but religion dries up their very sources. This will stop the march of licentiousness. This could it once gain an empire in every heart, would fix our liberties on a foundation as eternal as that of the Andes.

A COLLOQUY.

On the influence of an extensive cultivation of the fine arts upon national happiness.

A. Well, my friend, how were you pleased with the gallery of paintings?

B. Very greatly, I assure you. The pieces much surpassed my expectations. The time is not far distant, I trust, when our artists will equal those of the old world.

A. There is indeed reason to expect it. The genius of our country is beginning to act. Bursting as she did, like the fabled goddess of heathen mythology, into national existence in a moment, she has scarcely had time to collect her infant powers. But the period is near I believe, when the taunts of other nations shall be forever silent, and our country be no less distinguished for the productions of genius than for the heroic defence of her liberties. I must confess, however, that I do not feel as much gratified as yourself at the prospect of her distinction in the fine arts.

B. Why not? have you no taste for them?

A. Indeed I have. No one gazes with more delight on the almost speaking statue, or the glowing canvass, but as a patriot, I am not anxious to see them extensively cultivated, for I am not sure their influence is beneficial to national character.

B. But what would man be without them? A mere savage. Remove from society all the elegancies and refinements of taste, and what would be their condition? Introduce if it were possible among the roving tribes of the forest a relish for these elegancies and refinements, and they would at once lose their present ferocity. The progress of the arts has always marked the advance of cultivation. They give society its proper tone, and keep alive the finer and softer feelings of the heart.

A. Restrained within certain limits, their influence is undoubtedly beneficial. I object only to their extensive cultivation, which has always, I contend, been the forerunner of national decay.

B. But do you not admire Greece and Rome when adorned with the monuments of art?

A. I do indeed. I admire still more the unforgotten story of their patriotism—the incorruptable faith and noble self-devotion of Leonidas, Miltiades and Cincinnatus—When did Greece present the most sublime spectacle to other nations? Was it when the fine arts were patronised? No. Her sons were rude and hardy when the hosts of Persia found them invincible;

but when the noise of the camp was exchanged for the voluptuous swell of music—and scenes of military display given up for statues, paintings, baths, and theatres; then not all the fiery eloquence of Demosthenes could rekindle the ardour of her early days. Rome too! Did not her decline commence with the introduction of Grecian arts into Italy? Her eagle never soared like herself after she had soiled her wings with the trifles of Eastern magnificence.

B. Had Rome carried nothing from Greece but her love of the fine arts, she might have been the mistress of the world to this day. What is there let me ask, in them to injure the moral character of any people?

A. The facts are before you in the histories of ancient nations. Why then should the arts be cultivated, if they cherish that luxury and effeminacy which have been the bane of other republics?

B. They are at least innocent amusements. The man who is fond of them will not spend his hours of leisure in idleness or dissipation, and cannot relish the gross vices which disgrace our nature.

A. They might be made innocent amusements, undoubtedly, but in most cases they occupy too much of the attention, and withdraw the mind from more serious and useful pursuits.

B. Suppose this to be the case, (though in general I think it is not,) are there not great numbers in every wealthy community who live only to be amused?

A. There are indeed; to their shame be it said; and therefore you would add to their number.

B. No; but if they will waste their time and property, let them at least do it without injury to themselves or their fellow men. Is not an academy of fine arts better than a theatre? Is not a taste for painting and music preferable to the revels of debauchery, or the vulgarity of a horse race?

A. On this point my friend, I have no controversy with you. Let the idle and despicable cultivate the arts as much as they please; though I fear their number will be increased by the fascination of their employment.

B. It is no small object to gain this point in a nation which is rapidly advancing in wealth. Any thing which gives an intellectual cast to the public mind is a national benefit. What is the true glory of a nation—its military achievements? its hoards of useless wealth? No.—The impress of mind which it stamps on the records of time—the monuments of genius which it transmits to distant ages. What has made the little rocky promontory of Athens the brightest spot in the annals of ages? Yes, my friend, these arts, which give an elegance to the pleasures of the wealthy, and thus draw forth the noblest efforts of genius, are truly a national blessing.

A. I admit they are; but what are the efforts of genius which have made Greece so truly illustrious—her eloquence—her poetry—her history—these bear the real impress of the mind.

Let these be cultivated, and they will make our country the glory of modern times, without the arts of painting and sculpture.

B. But my friend, you would separate things which cannot be disjoined. All the arts belong to one family—they must grow up together. Cicero long since remarked, that poetry, eloquence, music and painting are united by a kind of common bond. No one can exist in high perfection without the other.

A. That remark of Cicero I have always considered as an ingenious thought rather than a real fact.

B. Was not this the fact in Athens and Rome? Did not the arts go hand in hand with eloquence and poetry, in their rise and in their decline?

A. To a certain extent this is true, though not so greatly as you imagine. Homer, for example, lived before the age of the arts. But look to modern times. Which is now most illustrious for eloquence and poetry, Italy or England?

B. England, undoubtedly.

A. Yet Italy has been the favorite residence of the fine arts, while England, till the last century; has been reproached with their neglect. Ask yourself soberly my friend, how much of their inspiration did Shakspeare, Milton, Chatham or Burk derive from the canvass or marble?

B. There is at least one more advantage in the arts, which you will not deny. They preserve the memory of remarkable transactions. The chizel of the sculptor and pencil of the

painter are often employed to erect statues to distinguished men, and delineate battles, seiges, and other remarkable events. Nothing is a stronger incentive to exertion than the hope of having our achievements thus recorded. What American will not find his patriotism grow warmer as he contemplates that illustrious band of men who signed the declaration of our independence? The pencil of Trumbull has made them our own, and will give them life through future ages. The art, too, which gives us back the features of a departed friend, in all the vividness of real life—can it be necessary to plead for its cultivation?

A. Certainly not. Portrait painting is not a mere gratification of taste. It claims a higher rank, as the record of departed worth. I object to the arts only as a luxury—an expensive and useless gratification of taste.

B. I have shown, I think, that considered merely as a luxury, they are not useless, for they tend to prevent worse indulgences. Besides, you cannot have portrait painting in perfection without a general excellence in the art.

A. Why so?

B. The several departments of painting must advance together. The employment must be honourable—an exercise of genius—an avenue to wealth, before men of the highest powers will engage in it. Such men will not submit to the mere drudgery of portrait painting. It would cramp their genius, and reduce their employment to mere servile and mechanical business.

A. It may be so; but how lamentable is it that the genius of such men should be often debased to the purpose of giving a charm to the most polluting images.

B. I do not understand you, my friend.

A. It is difficult to speak plainly on this subject with perfect delicacy.

Examine any collection of paintings and statues, and tell me, can their moral influence be good? What a perverted taste is that which contemplates with delight, and criticises with coolness, scenes and objects from which the most hardened sensibility would shrink, if exhibited in real life. There is a single fact which speaks volumes on this subject. In every Academy of Arts in this country, there is a law, forbidding a promiscuous resort to it from motives of delicacy. The father brings his daughter to the temple of the Arts, and informs her, at the vestibule, that she can go no farther; that she is now to contemplate a scene on which a parent and a child cannot look with propriety, in each other's presence. Such are the arts which give society its proper tone, and keep alive the finer and softer feelings of the heart.

B. I lament the abuse of the arts as much as yourself; but what argument is this abuse against their proper and legitimate employment? Poetry has been prostituted to the most licentious purposes—would you therefore renounce all poetry?

A. Certainly not; but the case is different with statuary and painting. Excellence in these arts can scarcely be attained without studies

which are shocking to delicacy; and the imagination of the artist becomes in this manner perverted.

B. What is there of a demoralizing tendency in the picture of Christ healing the sick in the Temple, or the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth?

A. Nothing, surely; but where we find one piece of this description, we rarely look far without meeting many others of a very different character.

B. This may have been true in former times, but the taste of the present day, particularly of the United States, is so correct that artists will be compelled to give their productions a different aspect.

A. Human nature is much the same in every age. As our country encreases in wealth and population, ten thousand causes are at work to destroy this purity of sentiment, and we should be careful not to increase their number.

B. True, but I cannot yet believe that paintings and statues of a proper description exert any bad influence.

A. When of a proper description they do not; but we must reason upon facts as they are, not as we wish them to be. There is not an Academy of the Arts in this country which does not exert an unhappy influence. Their very regulations show this to be the opinion of the directors. But then another point—what was the cost of the painting you mentioned—Christ healing the sick?

B. About 15,000 dollars.

A. All are not so expensive, I suppose ; but to cover the walls of a room like this must cost some 100,000 dollars at least. Now, how are arts so expensive to be supported ?

B. I should say, either by public patronage or individual munificence.

A. But are you sure that your first method, public patronage, can in justice be adopted ?

B. Why not ?

A. It seems to me unjust that a government should tax its subjects for the support of the fine arts—that the professional man, the farmer, and industrious mechanic should be compelled to yield their earnings for this purpose. In fact, a free people will never bear it. The inhabitants of New England will never give the earnings of their industry by tax for the maintenance of sculptors and painters.

B. I acknowledge this cannot be done extensively. They must be supported by private liberality.

A. But in a country where wealth is equally diffused ; where the lower classes possess a decent competency, you can find but few men who are able to patronize the fine arts. You must make beggars of a hundred men in order to give one the means of purchasing such paintings as that of West. Before the fine arts can be extensively cultivated in the United States, the lower classes of the community must be reduced to the same situation with those of Europe. The wealth must be drained from them and thrown into the hands of a few rich individuals. Will your

fondness for the fine arts carry you to this extent?

B. By no means. Let them be patronized by institutions in our large cities, established by the joint exertions of many individuals.

A. But might not these large sums of money be devoted to better purposes? In a new country like ours, immense sums are wanted for the construction of roads, canals and bridges. Public libraries, schools and colleges must be founded, or we can make no advances in literature. Until these objects are accomplished, the ornamental arts have no claim to our patronage. The edifice must be completed before we seek for decorations. The solid column of our national prosperity must be immovably fixed before we think of the Corinthian capital which is to adorn it.

B. But let us at least polish the materials of the structure as far as we advance; otherwise our edifice will be a misshapen pile of deformity.

A. I have one more argument which I think of weight. The present is a day of great exertions for the spiritual good of our fellow men. Six hundred millions of our race stretch out their hands to us for the bread of life. Can we in conscience squander our wealth on the arts while money is wanting for the salvation of souls? That single painting of West's would support six missionaries for a year; and perhaps rescue hundreds from the dominion of sin.

B. I honour your notions, my friend, but let me ask you, do the most wealthy and luxurious

class of men in our large cities generally contribute much to the missionary cause?

A. No, indeed.

B. Little or nothing, therefore, will be lost to the great enterprise you speak of, by the cultivation of the fine arts, for it is this class of men who must support them.

A. At least, I cannot give my property or influence to the encouragement of the arts, while a greater object lies before me which demands my aid.

B. On that subject every one must decide for himself. As for me, however, I can still give my influence to induce those men who have no heart for such objects, to employ their superfluous wealth in adorning our country with monuments of genius and standards of taste.

THE MISTAKEN LOVER.

A DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. EVANDALE.
RICHARD.....His son.
WM. THORNDIKE.....A Collegian.
HENRY.....His Chum.
TIMOTHY AND JOHN.....Servants.
SECONDS.

Scene in New-Haven, partly in College, and partly in Mr. Evandale's house.

ACT 1st.—*Scene 1st.*

[A room in Mr. Evandale's house.]

[*Mr. Evandale solus. An open letter in his hand.*]

Mr. *E.* A singular request this. But I was once young and foolish myself, and certainly ought not to refuse my aid in correcting similar follies in the young, particularly in the son of my old friend Thorndike. Here, Richard, Richard.

[*Enter Richard.*]

Richard. Sir?

Mr. *E.* Richard, I have a project to communicate to you. You have heard me speak of..... Mr. Thorndike.

Richard. Very often Sir.

Mr. *E.* He has a son in College.

Richard. The same who is expected here to-day, is it not, Sir?

Mr. *E.* Yes. Has he ever seen you?

Richard. No—Sir.

Mr. *E.* Very well. This young man, Richard, possesses brilliant talents, an ardent passion for study, and an unblemished reputation. But he has one foible.

Richard. What is that, Sir?

Mr. *E.* It is, my son, a failing which renders its possessor ridiculous in the eyes of every sensible man. It is an idea that he must fall desperately in love with every beautiful girl with whom he meets. Now I expect that you will cure him of this disease.

Richard. I, Sir! why I should suppose that you were a more proper person than I to give him advice. Besides I am totally unacquainted with him.

Mr. *E.* So much the better. Advice, Richard, will do him no good. It is you, who must cure him; and I will tell you how. He is expected here to-day, you know. Now, you must——

[*Enter Timothy.*]

Tim. The young gentlemen have arrived, Sir.

Mr. *E.* I will wait on them directly. Richard, take this letter; it will explain what you are to do. Act well your part, my boy, and I will insure you success.

[*Exeunt, at opposite ends of the stage.*]

John. What does he come here so much for, Tim?

Tim. Why, you see, his father and Mr. Evandale were old cronies in the days of Washington. Egad, I've seen 'em ride over the ground. Ha, ha, ha; I'll tell you, John; now you see, when I was corporal; hem; when I was corporal, in the 55th regiment; and this young Thorndike's father was General's aid; and our master was Brigade Major; and I was corporal in the 55th regiment; we were lying still in the camp; and so a parcel of us, one day got to pitching sixpences. Well, when we got cleverly at it, who should ride by but General Washington, on his white charger, with his two aids by his side. So, when he sees us, up he whirls his horse towards us, and speaks out—"what, my brave boys," says he; just like that—"what, my brave boys, gambling in my army! I'll tell you how to play." So he gets off his horse; (now by the way, there was a palisade twelve feet high right in the rear;) so the General gives one jump and over he goes; and another, and back he comes; and he made us all jump, and not a soul could jump so high as the General. So, says he to me, "corporal Timothy," says he, "how far can you pitch that there crow-bar?" So I pitched, and the rest

pitched it, and the general pitched three feet farther than the best of us. "Now, soldiers," says he, "never pitch money again while you can find a bar to pitch or a palisade to jump over." So, you may be certain there was no more gambling in the 55th regiment while I was corporal—ha, ha, ha; and now you understand how this young Thorndike is son of the General's aid; don't you? and he is in College.

John. What do they go to that there College for—they go to learn to fight, don't they?

Tim. No, you fool; what made you suppose so?

John. Why, the first day I was in at New-Haven, as I was going past the College, I looked in at one of the windows, and there was a whole bunch of them there scholars fighting; and I asked what they were fighting about, and they said they was not fighting, only just boxing.

Tim. Poh, poh, John, you——

John. Well, then I saw 'em all going into a building with a steeple to it, and so, thinks I to myself, I'll go in too, and see what you are about. So, in I went, and after a man had read to them a spell, out they came, and when they got into the entry, at it they went, sure enough; such fighting——such crowding, such squeezing——I thought I should have been squeezed to death. So I asked what the dragon they were about; and they said they were only backing the freshmen. Then down street I went, and every step I took I met some of these scholars riding full chizel, tight as their horses could spring. So I

supposed they come to College to learn to fight and ride.

Tim. Pshaw, John, you are but a stranger in New-Haven. I tell you they come to College to get learning. When you have been here a few days you will know more about matters and things.

John. To get learning, do they? Well, I don't know but they do; but I never should have guessed at it, myself. I don't believe it, Tim.

Tim. Don't believe it! you goose? Why, don't you suppose I know? Why, I've been a corporal in the 55th regiment—bless you.

[*Re-enter William.*]

William. Forbid the house, hey! fire and furies! forbid the house! tempest and storm! Henry must be at the bottom of this. Surely he again left the room as I entered it. I will return and perhaps surprise him.

[*Exit William.*]

Tim. Come, John, let us draw off our forces, or the old housekeeper will happen this way, and then we have a heavy cannonade of it.

[*Exeunt Timothy and John.—Enter William and Henry.*]

Wm. Yes, villain, this is the way you repaid my confidence.

Henry. Villain!

Wm. Yes—villain. On your knees before Ellen, when you had sworn that you were perfectly indifferent to her.

Henry. But, William, listen to me, do hear to reason.

Wm. What is reason compared to Ellen? Listo you! No, you are a deep, dark villain; a scoundrel.

Henry. Do not provoke me beyond endurance. I cannot bear every thing, even from you.

Wm. Resent it then, cowardly dog. You have persuaded Mr. Evandale to forbid me the house.

Henry. By heavens, William, do but hear me.

Wm. No, scoundrel, I will hear nothing; meet me at the head of the Avenue instantly.

Henry. Meet you, William! I will not.

Wm. You dare not. You are as cowardly as you are base.

Henry. Do not exasperate me too much.

Wm. Meet me then, in ten minutes.

Henry. William, are you mad?

Wm. Meet me, base coward.

Henry. I will. [*Exeunt.*]

Act 2nd.—*Scene* 1st.

[The woods at the head of the Avenue.]

[*Enter William and his Second.*]

Wm. Had any man, this morning, told me that I should become so lost to moral sentiment as to engage in a duel, I should have laughed at the idea. Had he told me that Henry, the friend of my heart, the companion of my youth, would have been my antagonist, I should have thought him mad. But I have gone too far to retrace my steps. He has grossly injured me; and, be the consequence what it may, I will proceed.

"If daring deed and vengeful steel,
"And all that I have felt or feel
"Betoken love—that love was mine;
"And shown by many a bitter sign."

[*Enter Henry and his Second.*]

Wm. Are you ready, sir?

Henry. I am William.

[*Wm. presents the pistols. Henry takes one of them. Enter Timothy.*]

Tim. Your humble servants, young gentlemen.

Wm. Here, Timothy, you must go to the post-office and bring me a letter; and here is something for you to make merry by the way.

Tim. No, Mr. Thorndike, I cannot do your errand. O, boys, boys! are you not ashamed to look an old soldier in the face, when, instead of fighting the battles of your country, you have come out to spill each others blood in a private quarrel? O, boys! see you the green fields and the waving trees, and the blue sea yonder? and have ye come out to stain with blood the fairest scenes in your native country. Come my good young gentlemen, shake hands and be friends. Egad! they say we are going to have war with Spain; and old Tim the Corporal may live to tell you who kills the most Spaniards. Come, come, give it up for a bad bargain. We had no duels in the days of Washington.

William's Second. I believe the old codger is right. You have ever been friends, and it is a pity that you should separate thus.

Henry's Second. Very true. Come gentlemen, let us adjourn to my room and settle this unlucky affair over a bottle.

Wm. Gentlemen, this is somewhat singular. Who has desired this interference? Not I.

Henry. Nor I.

Wm. Well then, Corporal Timothy strike your tents and march, or I will commence an attack on your rear. Be off, sir.

Tim. I shall not be off Mr. Thorndike. I have fought stouter and braver men than you; for the man who will fight a duel is generally a coward at the bottom. I will not march till you are friends again. What! young gentlemen, have you no mother whose hopes your death will destroy? No sister who will weep over your lifeless corse? No father whose old age will need his son's support? Will ye send down the gray heads of your parents in sorrow to the grave? O! boys, be persuaded. I have seen battles and bloodshed and never feared to meet it; but I will not see a duel.

Wm. (aside.) By heavens, he almost unmans me, but I must be resolute.

Henry's Second. Gentlemen, I pray you be persuaded; shake hands and be reconciled.

Wm. This is very extraordinary. Corporal Timothy, be off, you scoundrel, what do you mean?

Tim. I mean, Mr. Thorndike, to ——

Henry. Here Timothy. (Whispers him.)

[*Exit Timothy.*]

Wm. No more parleying, gentlemen. Are you ready, sir? (to Henry.)

Henry. I am.

Wm. Please to give the signal then, (to his second.)

William's second. The third time I drop this handkerchief, you will fire.

[*They aim. The second drops the handkerchief the first and second time and raises it again. Henry drops his arm.*]

Henry. Fire, William.

Wm. What?

Henry. Fire; my bosom is ready to receive your ball; but I can never raise my arm against you. Fire, since you wish my death.

Henry's second. Gentlemen, I entreat you explain this misunderstanding. Perhaps you will do it better alone. Let us withdraw. [*Exeunt seconds.*]

Henry. Now, William, that you will hear me, I will tell you that when you saw me at Mr. Evandale's, I was interceding for you.

Wm. It is impossible.

Henry, Hear me farther. I have a bad piece of intelligence for you. You are suspended.

Wm. Suspended!

Henry. Yes, and you are ordered to leave town to-morrow. Supposing that you would wish to see this Ellen, and knowing her father's prohibition, I was endeavouring to persuade her to admit you again.

Wm. Has she consented?

Henry. She has, but on these conditions. Her father has forbidden your seeing her. But he happens to be out of town, and the conscientious

girl, unwilling to disobey her parent, consents to admit you blindfold ; so that you will not see her, though, perhaps, hear her.

Wm. Enough, enough ; let us repair thither immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2d.

[*A room in Mr. Evandale's house. Mr. Evandale, Richard and Timothy. Enter Henry, leading William blindfold.*]

Henry. Mr. Thorndike, Miss Evandale.

Richard. Good evening, Mr. Thorndike.

William. Ellen, I have come to take leave of you, perhaps for ever.

Richard. I have heard of your misfortune, and sincerely regret it.

Wm. You have been to me, Miss Evandale, the innocent cause of many troubles. A quarrel with my dearest friend, and a suspension from college have been the consequences of my acquaintance with you.

Richard. I am extremely sorry, Mr. Thorndike, that I should cause so much distress, but still I can hardly blame myself for it, as I certaintainly did not intend it.

Wm. O, no ; none are to blame except my own obstinate folly. But, Ellen, all that you have made me suffer were nothing, were it not that your conduct tells me that my sufferings or my happiness are alike indifferent to you.

Richard. Indeed, Mr. Thorndike, you are mistaken. Believe me, your sorrows excite my sincerest sympathy.

Wm. The common-place compliments of life. Ellen, how does this accord with the uniform and cruel coldness of your demeanor towards me ? If I could but know that in my absence I should be remembered with affection by you, my sorrows would vanish.

Richard. But our acquaintance is so extremely short, Mr. Thorndike,—

Wm. Talk not to me of short acquaintance, Ellen. When minds, cast in the same mould, meet, is the lapse of months and years necessary to their union ?

Richard. But, Mr. Thorndike, we have scarcely had an opportunity to discover that our minds are cast in the same mould.

Wm. I see, Ellen, I see that you are determined to drive me into despair. I go into exile without a hope or a wish. To lose all, as I do, for one, who returns not my affection, is indeed trying.

"It is as if the dead could feel
"The icy worm around them steal.
"It is as if the desert bird,
"Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream,
"To still her famished nestlings' scream,
"Should rend her rash devoted breast,
"And find them flown her empty nest."

Richard. Pray be calm, Mr. Thorndike, I hope you will return before long.

Wm. Tell me not of calmness, Ellen, I have enough to drive me to distraction.

" Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
" From forest cave her shrieking young
" And calm the lonely lioness ;
" But soothe not—mock not my distress."

I am going, Ellen ; believe me, you may find those on whom the world will bestow more of its smiles, but you will never find a friend who will remember you half so long, and with half the intense affection that I shall. But farewell, angel, seraph, farewell, (takes his hand,) may you be as happy as you are lovely and innocent. (Kisses his hand.) O, Ellen, Ellen, farewell forever. (They all laugh.) What in the name of heaven is this ? I will see. (Tears off the bandage.) Fire and furies ! Mr. Evandale ! Timothy ! and what ? Tempest and storm ! where is Ellen ? explain this, (to Henry) or by the light of day, I will tear it from your heart. Where is Ellen ?

Henry. There, (pointing to Richard.)

Wm. They are her features indeed, but what ? how ?

Henry. " Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
" But gaze on that of the Gazelle ;
" It will assist thy fancy well.

Wm. Henry, you will distract me. Who is this ? (pointing to Richard.)

Henry. " It is a form of life and light,
" Which, seen, becomes a part of sight."

Wm. By the light of day, this must be Ellen. It is her eye.

Henry. "In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
"An angel guard of loves and graces lie."

Wm. Henry, do not incense me too much; I shall forget myself.

Henry. "With thee conversing I forget all time,
"All seasons and their change."

Wm. Shall I coldly bear these insults?

Henry. "The cold in clime are cold in blood;
"Their love can scarce deserve the name;
"But mine was like the lava flood
"That boils in Ætna's breast of flame."

Wm. This is too much.

Henry. "It is as if the dead could feel
"The icy worm around them steal."

Wm. Dare not to persist in these taunts much longer, Sir.

Henry. "If daring deed or vengeful steel,
"And all that I have felt or feel,
"Betoken love, that love was mine,
"And shown by many a bitter sign."

Wm. Do I dream, or are my senses lost?

Henry. "And she was lost, and yet I breath'd;
"But not the breath of human life:
"A serpent round my heart was wreath'd,
"That stung my every thought to strife."

Wm. Powers of darkness! (stepping fiercely up to Henry.)

Mr. *Evandale.* Young gentlemen, it is time for me to interpose. Be calm, Mr. Thorndike.

Henry. "Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
"From forest cave her shrieking young
"And calm the lonely lioness;
"But sooth not—mock not my distress."

Mr. *E.* Mr. Thorndike, give me leave to introduce you to my son, Richard.

Wm. Son Richard?

Mr. *E.* My only child.

Wm. "Confusion worse confounded!"

Mr. *E.* Your parents have long been friends, let me see you so likewise.

Henry. "And keep one constant flame
"Through life unchill'd, unmov'd—
"And love in wintry age the same
"That first in youth you lov'd."

Mr. *E.* Silence. Young man, your foolishness deserves my keenest censure; but you have suffered enough already, and therefore I will explain the whole affair. This is my son. Knowing your prevailing foible, at your father's request, I disguised him, as a young lady, and presented him to you as my daughter, Ellen. He acted his part well, and the plot succeeded. You fancied yourself desperately in love. The rest you all know.

Wm. Thunder and mars! have I been thus deceived; and is this the manner in which you treat the son of an old friend?

Mr. *E.* Do not be angry young man ; what I did was for your good, and rightly improved, will be an instructive lesson. Take it patiently. It is now a profound secret among us, but the story would not tell so well. Depend upon it, there will be some laughter among your fellow-students, when they learn that you have been so deeply in love with Richard Evandale.

Wm. True, true, and Henry was privy to the plot.

Mr. *E.* Yes.

Wm. And that suspension ?

Henry. Was a story of my own fabrication.

Wm. And false, was it ?

Henry. Entirely.

Mr. *E.* So you see, young man, this transaction has done you no injury—improve it as you ought, and it will do you much service. It shall remain a secret for ever. But come, my young friends, into the dining room ; I have had prepared a fine supper for you. Be as merry as possible, and forget every thing about this affair, but the moral. Timothy, order up the supper.

Tim. Yes, sir, yes, sir—in the days of Washington, a man did not fall in love with a girl before he found out whether she was a boy or not ; egad. [*Exit Timothy.*]

Mr. *E.* Come, young gentlemen, walk in this way.

Henry. Come, Dick, angel, seraph, come along.

"With thee when supping we'll forget all time,
"All seasons and their change."

Wm. "As resting on her purple wing,
"The insect queen of easten spring,
"O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere,
"Invites the young pursuer near,
"And leads him on from flower to flower,
"A weary chase and wasted hour ;
"Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
"With panting heart and tearful eye ;
"So beauty lures the full grown child,
"With hue as bright and wing as wild ;"
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, clos'd in tears.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

For Amelia's Album.

Many and dark are the shadows which disappointment casts over human life. This world is styled, by the voice of inspiration, a vale of tears. The friends of our youth may be separated from us in life, or torn away by the grave. The pursuit of wealth or glory may be baffled. Sickness may convert the senses into so many inlets of pain; and man may be compelled to own that the world is

"A bruised reed at best, but oft a spear."

For these evils, however, there is often a remedy. When we part from friends, in life, we hope to meet them again. If the waves of death bare them away, still there is consolation in the thought that when we have passed over the same dark waters, we shall rejoin them in the haven of eternal peace. In sickness there is the hope of recovery. For disappointed ambition, there are other schemes and projects. One sorrow there is, however, which is impervious to the rays of consolation—one wound, for which there is no balm, either in the remembrance of the past, or anticipations of the future—one poison, for which there is no antidote. It is unrequited affection. When the heart-strings have wound themselves round any object, and that is torn suddenly away, they, perhaps, may heal; but when they are entwined about a stone, a marble, a shadow, which feels not in return, they must bleed for ever.

Man may seek to forget this disappointment in scenes of festivity ; but the voice of sorrow will rise above the swell of music. He may strive to escape from it in the tumult of war, but "post equitem sedet atra cura." Tell him not that there are other friends more faithful and equally deserving. What is it to the lioness, when the hunter has torn away her young, that there are others in the wood? Think not that time will make him forget. This is one of those feelings which time will only deepen. He may call in pride to his assistance, and defy the rock and the vulture ; but this will neither soften the one, nor drive away the other.

"The serpent of the field, by art
"And spells, is won from harming,
"But that which coils around the heart,
"O, who hath power of charming?"

Religion peculiarly necessary to the young.

It is worthy of notice, that throughout the Holy Scriptures, the invitations of mercy are addressed, particularly, to the young. While all are called upon to repent, this duty is urged upon those, who are in the morning of life, with peculiar tenderness. It seems as if the compassionate Shepherd was peculiarly anxious that the young lambs should be gathered into his fold.

To human eyes, there is something extremely interesting in the sight of a young man devoting

himself to the service of his Creator. We contemplate with a kind of pleasure the young warrior in the heat of military ardour; but our pleasure is damped by the thought of the orphans and widows which his sword will create. We view with complacency the diligent and successful scholar, whose brilliant talents promise to give him a high rank in the literary world; but we tremble lest those talents should be enlisted under the banners of sin. We are pleased to see the youth of correct habits, on whom vice has never shed its withering influence; yet even here our pleasure is incomplete, for we know that "*one thing he lacketh.*" When the grey headed sinner is brought to repentance, we rejoice; but we cannot avoid the melancholy thought, that the prime of his life is over; and that he has nothing but the wreck of his powers to offer his Maker. But when the young man, in the summer of youth,—in the vigour of health,—when the world is most fascinating, and its temptations are most powerful; bows the knee at the throne of Immanuel; our joy is complete, and fancy exults in the prospect of the good which he may do. Our Saviour, in the days of his flesh, manifested a striking degree of compassion for the young. Little children were taken in his arms. When the young man came to him, asking "what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life," Jesus looked upon him and loved him. Never is religion needed more than in youth. Then the passions are most ungovernable; the feelings most ardent; vice most alluring. Then we have but

little experience ; and then, more than ever, we want that purity of heart, which is the gift of God. Childhood and youth, like the rest of human life, are vanity. We have our disappointments and sorrows then, as well as in riper years. The young, it is true, have many ways of escaping from trouble, which are not possessed by the aged. They may drown their sorrows in the tide of amusement. They may find a temporary forgetfulness in the noise of dissipation—the dance—the song—the revel ; but they who have drunk the deepest at these troubled fountains, can testify, with real bitterness of heart, that the pleasure which they give, is but "a vapour, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." In hours of solitude we need something more stable than youthful enjoyments.

Besides, the bright eye of youth is soon to grow dim. The bounding pulse of youth has not long to beat. Frozen age is approaching; and which, think you, will afford the more pleasure to reflection, a life wasted in thoughtlessness and sin, or spent in the service of God ? Will the recollection of youthful follies or pleasures smooth the pillow of your death bed ? O, when the aged impenitent sinner stands on the borders of that world from which he will never return, and looking back through the long avenue of departed years, ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

It is an idea common to many, particularly to the young, that religion is something full of mel-

ancholy ; but there is not a more erroneous idea entertained by man. What is there melancholy in the hope of escaping eternal punishment? What is there gloomy in the thought that we have an Almighty friend in heaven, who will protect us through life? What is there distressful in the expectation of spending an eternity in the world of happiness? Yet this is all religion. Do not think, therefore, that the Christian is unhappy, because he does not mingle in the noisy pleasures of the world. If you neglect this subject, do not suppose that you are securing happiness, even in this world. "Godliness hath the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come." Before the young have proceeded much farther in life, they will meet with troubles, which nothing but the consolations of the Holy Spirit, "which are neither few nor small," can enable them to endure with patience.

They who, having just witnessed a revival of religion, come into a place where is, comparatively, little attention given to the subject, cannot fail to observe the difference with pain. In the city, where I have lately resided, there has been what is called a revival of religion. It is a scene which cannot be described. There is no language which can depict the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the human heart. They who have seen it, well know what it is ; but they must despair of describing it to others. ——— ———

POETRY.

POETRY.

On returning to College, May 1819.

Again has Edwin left his native bowers,
The bowers of innocence, again returning
To spend the dull and melancholy hours,
Where study's pale and lonely lamp is burning.
Years of his youth! how rapidly ye fled
In that beloved home, where fancy's power
It's magic tints o'er youthful visions shed,
And gave a deeper hue to every flower
He fancied he should crop in manhood's day;
Not thinking that so fair a form so soon—would fade away.
Alas! the flower has faded—even now—
Cold disappointment's hand his bosom chilling,
Her melancholy impress on his brow
Has stampt his youthful heart with sorrow filling.
But though his boyish hopes of fame are dead,
A nobler hope shall animate his breast.
Let there be twined around his aching head
Sad disappointment's cypress; he is blest,
Supremely blest, if on that brow is built
The throne of innocence; if there is not
Stamp'd on his face the mournful marks of guilt,

The traces of remorse and torturing thought.
Let every earthly vision fleet away
But O, let conscious innocence with me forever stay.

Reflection.

While saints, and angels in the skies
Conspire to sing their Maker's praise.
O, why should not my voice arise
And join in their immortal lays.

His sister Sarah had some doves, which she highly valued. They were destroyed during his absence; and being informed of the loss, he wrote in the following manner.

1

At Social Villa, once there dwelt
Of doves a fair collection,
Hunger and cold they never felt,
Secure of kind protection.

2

My gentle Sarah's careful hand
Raised them a habitation;

O'erlooking all her father's land,
A goodly situation.

3

There might you see, at noontide hour
  The happy bird reposing,
Like lady fair, in rural bower,
  Her weary eyelids closing.

4

A happy family they were,
  From every grief defended :
And birds more worthy lady's care
  A lady never tended.

5

The setting sun at evening throws
  Across the wave, its fires.
Its radiance o'er the billow glows
  And flashes and expires.

6

The sunbeams gay, that fancy gives,
  As transient and as bright ;
Glance o'er the billows of our lives,
  And leave us dark as night.

7

The flower that's sweetest to the eye,
  Full soon must fade away.

The form best loved beneath the sky
  As early must decay.

8

No hand on earth can turn aside
  The unerring shaft of fate.
The arm of strength, the heart of pride,
  The pageantry of state ;

9

The winning air, and gentle grace
  The blessings of the fair,
The kindling eye, the lovely face
  Are vain and futile there.

10

And thus the subjects of my lay
  Received their early doom.
Like man they flourished for a day,
  And vanished in the tomb.

11

Mine is a light and playful song
  And not a moral strain.
These sober notes I'll not prolong
  Nor moralize again.

12

Suffice to say these doves are gone.—
  Their goodly habitation—

Is left deserted and alone—
The seat of desolation.

13

Suffice to say each hapless bird
A weasel fierce, did slaughter.
No ear their cries for mercy heard
Nor plaintive calls for quarter.

The Æolian Harp.

As the chilling autumn breeze
Sweeps across the Æolian lyre,
Wakes the notes to exstacies,
Thrills the soul with heavenly fire,
Sinks in dying notes away,—
'Till in that bewildering sound,
Every pulse forgets to play,
Every sense in music drown'd.
So the thoughts of former years
O'er the darkened bosom steal,
'Till the eye is fill'd with tears
'Till the heart has ceas'd to feel.

1

As in a storm the lofty vessel flies—
Before the pressure of contending waves,

Now lifted on their summits to the skies,
And plunging now in ocean's deepest caves,

2

So flies my soul before the fiery force
Of passions wild and restless as the surge;
Now towards revenge and guilt my desperate course
And now to reason's better path they urge.

3

Nor calm, nor quietness, nor peace I know.
All is commotion in my burning brain.
The slave's vile lot of drudgery and woe
Were peace, compar'd to this continual pain.

4

O Thou, whose path is in the mighty deep,
Who stills't the ocean's tumult, at thy will;
My soul from guilt's devouring surges keep,
Say to my troubled passions, peace, be still.

5

Then shall this tumult in my bosom cease,
And reason's voice be heard within my breast;
Then too again the gentle dove of peace
Shall build therein her long deserted nest.

Farewell once more, my native home,
Ye fields I love to roam:
The hunt, the ride, the walk,—
By moonlight, and the social talk.
Adieu to all vacation's joys—
For Mother Yale, calls back her boys.
No more, full late at morn I rise,
Gay as the lark that wakes the skies.
No more while sisters sing I play
The flute, and "merry roundelay;"
Nor hear my parent's voice impart
Truths unto my unguarded heart.
Oh! may instruction, truth divine
Forever seal—this soul of mine.
Vacation's joys; I sing—and tell,
But bid thee now a fond farewell.

Fragment.

Why should the youthful harp be strung
To fame, to friendship, and to beauty,
To every theme; but leave unsung
The loveliest, sweetest, song of duty.

O there was one, that hung in mute despair
Over the fading form, he lov'd too well;
That fondly linger'd near the dying fair
And caught each accent from her lips that fell.

There was an eye that watch'd in hopeless
grief
The last faint fluttering spark of life—expire
His was a woe that mock'd at all relief,
A dull, a heavy, heart consuming fire.

My Lyre.

I had in earlier happier days, a lyre
Deck'd with a wreath of feeling;
And often o'er its hollowed wires
Music's soft tones were stealing.
For then the thrilling notes were rais'd,
And swept their heavenly noise
In strains of gratitude and praise
And meek devotion's voice.
A frolick gay—and heedless thing;
With gay delight which boyhood brings—
My hand too, often touch'd its strings;
And bade the air in echo ring.
That form is shrouded in the pall
Wrap't in a winding sheet
That voice is silent in the tomb.
And how can I again repeat
The notes that tell me of her doom?
Shade of my buried love, if e'er
Departed spirit linger near,
The friends they loved on earth, Oh let
Thy spirit hover near me yet.

1

And here I sit, and view the sky
  And the full shining moon
In the pure ether riding high.
  And think upon those hours gone by,
Gone by, alas! too soon.

2

It is a lovely night as e'er
  Smil'd o'er this blooming land.
So pure a moon, a sky so clear
  So laughingly the vales appear
The hills in moonlight stand.

1

It is in vain—it is in vain—
  That I should try to break the chain;
Which thou hast thrown around my heart,
  Its links cannot be rent apart.
O, had thy charms less suddenly
  Open'd upon my dazzled eye,
Thy sun which in the unclouded blaze
  Of noon, has burst upon my gaze;]

2

Had slowly risen, with its light
  Stealing upon the shades of night,
'Twould not have blinded thus my sight!

And left my heart in such a plight.
'Twould not, (when quickly vanishing.)
Have left me a poor wretched thing,
To grope my way in darkness on
My only light forever gone.

3

Forever!—No.—It cannot be—
That I shall never ; never see ;
That form, nor hear that voice again,
But desolate as now remain.
No, I could never bear the rack—
The strained strings of life would crack ;
Did not hope's gentle whisper say—
We meet upon some happier day.

4

While life shall last, to part no more ;
Not as alas! we met before.
O, she was every thing that heaven
Has ever to a mortal given.
All loveliness in form and face
Combining every female grace.
A voice whose tones so eloquent
Quick to the soul resistless went.

5

And that dark eye, whose ev'ry glance
Might throw eve'n dullness in a trance.
Whose ev'ry look, betray'd a mind—
Such as in angels, one might find.

Fleet was my steed, upon that morn,
  When through the dew I spur'd him on.
And strong the arm, that reign'd him then
  As never it before had been.

6

For 'twas to see thee once again
  I spur'd him swiftly thro' the glen.
And but to catch that parting glance,
  I would have rush'd against the lance
All the powers on earth can wield—
  Thrice bless'd to die on such a field.
And O, that glance it well repaid
  The long, long hour, that there I staid.

7

The morn's fatigue, the dangers past—
  Vanish'd, when thou appear'd at last.
And tho' I saw thee but a minute
  Thy glance and smile had rapture in it.
The sons of earth can seldom feel,
  The sons of earth can never tell
The magic of this charming spell,
  It was a sweet tho' sad farewell.

1

A form so fair, a heart so soft,
  I neer shall meet again.

Thine image——, rushes oft
Like fire, across my brain.

2

A deep, a dull, a deadly void
Remains within my breast.
With study tir'd, with pleasure cloy'd,
My soul can find no rest.

3

With thee, O may indulgent heav'n
Grant that I meet again.
A ministering angel, given
To cheer my hours of pain.

There are thoughts, that o'er the aching mind
Spread, and consume, and sadden as they go,
Bereft of pleasures we have left behind;
That shows how absolute the present woe.
There are some glances of the eye, that show
A keen, a harrowing burning of the brain,
Felt, though unseen, and torturing deep, tho' slow;
The tortures of a keen, though hidden pain
That madly throbs within, but will be sought in vain.
Trust not to the loud laugh, the mirthful jest,
The tones of pleasure, or the joyous eye
That speaks of joy within full many a breast,
When happiest seeming, thrills with agony.

And round with brightest glances; many an eye
Wanders when seen; that when alone, does stream
With bitter tears, of heartfelt misery.
Full many a brow, that pleasure's seat doth seem
Is knit, and arch'd with care when no spectator's by.

The Monthly Rose.

There is a flower, whose verdant form
Survives the season's fiercest storm;
An e'en in winter's deepest gloom
Is seen, eternally in bloom,
Wasting around its rich perfume.
When not another plant is seen
The monthly rose is fresh and green,
And blooms and flourishes alone
When all its sister flowers are gone.
So in the winter of my mind
One lonely plant is left behind,
That blooms in verdant freshness still
When all around is dark and chill.
'Tis that dear home, in which I spent
Youth's frolic hour of merriment:
When not the roving bee, that sips
The honey from the wild flower's lips;
Or the bespangled butterfly,
Had more of carelessness than I.
And like the monthly rose's flowers,
The memory of those joyous hours

Outlives the winter of the soul ;
And gives what fate cannot control.
Ye mossy banks, ye rustling woods,
Ye shady groves, and silver floods,
O'er which, with childhood's heedless joy,
I've sported oft, a careless boy :
O'er which, full oft, with dog and gun
I have pursu'd the partridge dun,
Till lost in some sequester'd glen
Untrodden by the foot of men,
Have paus'd to hear the fitful breeze
Sighing among the rustling trees :
And view the boundless solitude,
Where nature, with a wild and rude
Majestic hand; around had spread
Scenes of sublimity and dread ;
And look'd, and listen'd till my thought,
The grandeur of the scene, had caught,
Until my eye saw visions bright,
Of future honour and delight;
And listen'd till my enchanted ear
The voice of future days could hear.
In such deep solitude and gloom,
A countless throng of thoughts would come
Over the wild enthusiast's mind ;
Till time, and space, were left behind.

The Serenade.

The student came, (vacation o'er,)
Back to the halls of classic lore.

Health sat within his bright black eye,
And on his cheeks vermilion dye;
And in his free and noble mein
A light and buoyant heart was seen.
When the full moon with mellow beam
Had gilded valley, hill, and stream,
At midnight's lone, and lovely hour—
He sung beneath his lady's bower.
"Awake, my fair, awake, at last
The weeks that sever'd us are past.
I come again, my wanderings o'er,
At beauty's altar to adore.
My love, awake; the nightingale,
Is sweetly singing in the vale.
Softly the golden moon-beam plays
On the broad harbour's polish'd face;
And with yet softer lustre shines,
Among the roses, and woodbines,
That cluster round thy rural bower.
O rise, and seize this lovely hour.
Balmy is the midnight air
The night is soft, the scene is fair;
And all below, around, above,
Speaks to the heart in words of love.
Our hours of pleasure, quickly flee;
Then seize them, while as yet they be."
He paus'd; a footstep strikes his ears,
And a fair female form appears,
Descending from the turret high,
With blushing cheek, and downcast eye.
With caution's tread she passes o'er
Th' unechoing hall, and silent floor;
With trembling hand, unlocks the door;

Clasps to her breast her lover true ;
Their happiness is nought to you.

To the Moon.

1

Thou moon, which art the eye of heav'n, with mild
And pitying glance our sinful world beholding;
As widow'd mother gazes on the child,
Child of her heart, her arms are still enfolding.

2

As thy pure beams, shine on the evening dews,
To every drop, a heavenly lustre lending ;
So thro' my heart, thy purity diffuse,
Thy radiance, with its own pollution blending.

3

The spirit of thy beams, is holiness ;
Like that of saints, who soar above thy sphere;
And man, by gazing on thee ; less and less—
Feels of the passions that enchain him here.

4

O! shed upon my soul, thou angel orb ;
The holy, heav'nly stillness of thy ray ;

Till all its passions vile thou dost absorb,
And take its grosser feelings all away.

5

Then, when this life of trial shall be o'er,
And I no longer sin, or suffer here ;
My renovated soul in peace, shall soar,
Sinless, and stainless, far above thy sphere.

The Murderer :—A Fragment.

Yes, I did love her to despair.
  View my pale brow ; 'tis written there
In bloody characters of crime—
  That deeper, bloodier grow by time.
In youth's rejoicing, thoughtless hour,
  She was my own, my cherish'd flower.
She was my hope, my sun, my heaven,
  My all of bliss that earth had giv'n.
But poverty, withheld my eyes—
  From gazing on so high a prize.
I left her, and amid the blaze
  Of war—I sought for better days.
O'er many a tented field I rode :
  On many a bloody wall I stood,
And fought ; till the descending sun
  Bade the dread works of death be done.
Thus pass'd the morning of my life ;
  'Mid din of camps, and battles' strife.

At length my days of peril o'er,
In peace—I sought my native shore.
Sated with wealth, and crown'd with fame,
With half delirious joy, I came—
My long expected bride to claim.

* * * * *
* * * * *

There's blood, upon this vengeful steel :
Blood that my soul will never feel.
A spreading, deepening, damning stain,
The torture, with the crime of Cain.
I cannot tell her dreadful end ;
My throbbing brow, in twain would rend.
I dare not name the fiend, who brought
Pollution to her purest thought.
But his heart's blood flow'd red and clear,
When * * * *
There is an icy worm that never dies ;
I feel it gnawing in my tortur'd breast.
There is a fire, whose flames forever rise ;
When will they leave my soul at rest ?
A deep'ning, dark'ning cloud of guilt and gloom
That shrouds the murderer's passage to the tomb.

O ! there are spots on the wide waste of life ;
To which fond memory, reverts with pleasure

And from those scenes; with disappointment
ripe,
And pain and anguish hoard a precious treasure.

Beings there are, that in the mass
Of noise and folly, where we move;
Our wand'ring eyes will sometimes pass,
And having won our hearts to love;
The fleeting loveliness, we see,
From our detaining arms will go.
And the more pure, more bright, they be;
The keener is our throb of woe.
I had not dreamt that in one night,
Short night of mingled joy and sorrow;
I could have met a form so bright,
So lovely, yet to fleet to-morrow.
But I have met, have seen, have lov'd—
Have lov'd—Alas! for who could see
Such dazzling brightness, and unmov'd
By all her maze of beauties be?
It was not that her eye was bright—
It was not that her cheek was blooming;
For death's long, dark, and mornless night
Will shroud, e'en her, in dust entombing.
But 'twas the glance of that dark eye,
The charming colour of that cheek—
That more than lover's lute, or sigh,
With them her gentle voice could speak.
'Twas then I saw a soul like mine,
A soul of love, and fire, and wildness;
But check'd and rendered half divine,
By blest religion's soft'ning mildness.
The shining moon again will gild

The valley's stream, the mountain's crest.
But that enrapturing pulse that thrill'd,
When by thy side, my burning breast;
When the same moonbeam shone upon
Thyself, and me, as side by side,
In its mild light we wander'd on,
With love—love only; for my guide
Was gone: gone, never to return.
And thought, in future scenes of power—
On love, for thee, I cease to mourn,
I ne'er shall find a sweeter hour.
Farewell. I know this heart will cease
To beat, as then it did for thee,
Farewell—I know the dove of peace
Will spread its pinions over thee.
Farewell.—And if in manhood's day
We meet again, and I should tell
My tale of love; not then I'll say
As now I trembling say, farewell.

Where shall the weary wanderer hope to find
In life's wild waste, a resting-place from grief?
Is there no balm to heal the wounded mind?
No home, to give the sufferer relief?
There is a resting-place from human woe;
There is a balm the wounded mind to save;
There is a house, to which alike must go
The poor, the rich, the monarch, and the slave.
It is man's common home, the cold, dull, senseless grave.

In our life's spring-time ; when the budding joys
Of youth expand beneath a summer sky,
When not a pleasure of the bosom cloys;
For all is free from guilt's corroding sigh ;
How little think we that the storm is nigh !
That the storm comes to blast the opening flower.
How little, that the hopes which cherish'd lie
Nearest our hearts ; be crush'd in that sad hour ;
When youth's blue summer sky begins with storms to lower.

But youth's most cherish'd hopes will soon be crush'd :
Soon shall its dream of rapture pass away.
And man awake to agony ;—when bursts
Upon his eye, the light of manhood's day.
And though beneath life's summer sun, he may
Bask in the glories of its noontide beam ;
And happy live ; and gayest of the gay ;
He'll never find an hour that shall seem
So sweet, so full of joy, as youth's enrapturing dream.

THE DESERTED HOME.

By Roland Rosemary, of Massachusetts—assumed name—real name of the author, J. Leavitt.

My steed roams careless o'er the lea ;
No spur provokes his fiery speed ;
Oft has he champ'd the bit for me,
And serv'd me oft in time of need.

My dog howls mournful at my gate,
My study hearth is desolate,
My gun is rusting on the wall,
My *flute is silent* in the hall.
Hush'd is the tide of mirth and song
That roll'd so merrily along,
When Roland gather'd there the gay
And beautiful, to while away
The lagging hours of idle day.
The bat builds in my lonely bower,
The owl hoots from its rustic tower,
The sullen spiders slowly crawl
Across my father's ancient hall.
Oh, many a day of rapture past—
And many a dream too sweet to last,
Have made more dear to me, that home,
Than regal splendors, palace dome.
For, Oh, 'twas there that Ellen threw
On me the soul-bewildering glance
Of that dark eye, whose living blue
Surpasses that of heaven's expanse.
'Twas then—twas there—and in those bow'rs—
But cease; my fancy must not dwell
Upon those dear departed hours
That weeping memory loves so well.
I once was gay, (I still am young,)
"I talk'd, and danc'd, and laugh'd and sung;"
The brightest in the festal crow'd,
At beauty's shrine I sigh'd and bow'd.
The dream is o'er, the spell is broke;
To dark despair the dreamer woke.
I'm now a spirit, whom the world
From hope's aerial summit hurl'd.

I have no earthly wish or fear ;
No smile for joy, for woe no tear.
The visions of my youth have fled.
The cherish'd hopes of life are dead.
A gloomy cloud has gather'd fast
Around the present—future—past.
I lay me down upon the tomb
Of buried hopes, in peace to die.
To me the grave has lost its gloom ;
My hopes are fix'd above the sky.
There, not a cloud shall intervene
To shade the brightness of the scene ;
Or interrupt the joys above,
Unchanging as Jehovah's love.
And yet my friends have lov'd me still,
Through each extreme of good and ill,
My heart a father's pious prayer,
And mother's tenderness did share :
And oft a sister's voice did soothe
The fiery passions of my youth ;
When, like an angel, she would speak
With sparkling eye, and mantling cheek,
Of joys that never fade or fail,
Far, far beyond earth's narrow pale.
Farewell—the blessing of a breast
Which you have tried to soothe to rest,
Shall be upon you. I must die.
The form so lov'd by you must lie
Within its lonely cemetery.
But then I hope to burst the chain
Of dark temptation, guilt, and pain ;
And on the wings of faith to rise
To purer climes, and brighter skies.

These, probably, are the last lines Jonathan ever wrote. They were found in his desk, with the words beneath, written in a faint and tremulous hand with a pencil.

1.

How brief, O Father, is the age
  Thou hast to mortals given.
How tiresome is the pilgrimage
  Through this vain world to heaven!

2.

The gaudy flowret of the spring,
  Before the sickle dies.
Upon delusion's changing wing
  The phamtom shadow flies.

3.

So man, thine offspring, falls beneath
  The scythe of pale decay;
Thus towards the cold domains of death
  The shadow hastes away.

4.

And wilt thou judge, O Lord, a thing
  So frail, so vile, as I?
A man, whose life is vanishing,
  Whose form is soon to die!

Yet a little while, and every breast, that is warm with hope and busy with design, shall drop into the cold and senseless grave. The eye that reads this page shall be closed in darkness, and the hand that writes it shall crumble into dust.

[illegible] weak, and every breast that is [illegible] with hope and love with delight, shall drop into the cold and [illegible] grave. The eye that looks with pride shall be closed in darkness, and the head that was [illegible] shall crumble into dust.